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EUROPEAN LESSONS FOR AMERICAN PREPAREDNESS

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UNTIL RECENTLY, the democratic nations believed ardently—and perhaps superstitiously—in an automatic superiority of the democracies over totalitarianism. Their conviction was that the oppressed populations would offer resistance up to active revolt against any attempt of their governments to involve them in war, and that lack of democratic control as well as crude compulsion must necessarily result in hampering red tape and decreasing efficiency of labor. Few people were able to distinguish between dictatorships on old patterns, such as those of the late Marshal Pilsudski in Poland or Primo de Rivera in Spain, and up-to-date totalitarianism, based on modern technology and industry, supported by considerable sections of the population, and concentrating sooner or later upon preparation of aggressive wars. This blind belief failed disastrously in France.

Historical factors have led many sincere democrats to believe that only a weak democracy can be a safe democracy, that the amount of governmental organization and the executive powers of all kinds should be kept at the lowest possible level, and that initiative of the individual, not only in the economic but in any field, is bound under all circumstances to be superior to state interventionism and commandeering.

It is not proposed here to go into the question to what extent such general assumptions were ever correct, either in the United States or elsewhere. As far as the present is concerned, the French experience and that of others appear to be evidence of potential weaknesses of the democracies in the opposite direction. German democracy perished long before the war crisis—largely because the demo-

cratic government either was not strong enough or did not apply its powers sufficiently against the National Socialists and their influential protagonists.

Voluntary co-operation is superior to autocratic regimentation, but only if two indispensable conditions accompany it: first, individual incentives, valuable as they may be, must not interfere with efficient social co-ordination—which presupposes sufficient executive power; and, secondly, there must be enough time to let voluntary collaboration operate. If either of these conditions is missing, as in time of acute emergency, then reliance upon voluntary factors may mean suicide.

A few contemporary examples will make the issue clear. Henry Ford, after declaring in May, 1940, that his company could, if necessary, "swing into the production of a thousand airplanes of standard design a day," refused a month later to manufacture British-designed Rolls-Royce airplane engines, whose production, while destined for this country, was technically and otherwise linked with the British order. Mr. Ford's demonstration against Britain resulted in a substantial delay of defense equipment for America, and the authorities were helpless to exert further influence. Several months later the Ford Motor Company received huge government orders for airplane engines, trucks, and automobiles. But when, in February, 1941, the company refused to abide by labor laws, the War Department passed over Ford's lowest bid for half-ton trucks. Only after substantial delays were the huge productive resources of the Ford concern made available for national defense.

Another example was the discovery in the summer of 1940 that a German group was in control of the American output of beryllium—a light metal important for manufacturing airplanes—and was in a position to make the licensing of this raw material for use in this country subject to the condition that it would not be sold to countries which were Germany's potential or actual enemies.

Congressional opposition which subscribed to the point of view of the public utility companies caused a dangerous delay in the expansion of the power plants of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the summer of 1940. The power was essential for an increased output of aluminum, one of the most vital raw materials for armament. Another marked delay in the expansion of arms production was caused

by the dilatory attitude of various important corporations pending congressional decisions on excess profits taxation and the amortization of new investments. Labor contributed its share to the delaying factors by strikes in such war-essential factories as the California Vultee Aircraft plant and the Allis-Chalmers works. Whether in each case the private interests of such groups may have deserved consideration cannot be determined here. What is significant is that the Administration, in the initial phase of rearmament, was unable to prevent delays which in the aggregate threatened to reach vital proportions.

Gradually the conviction became widespread that if the war ended in a Nazi victory, with subsequent Nazi domination of the world, American business had more to lose than high profits and American labor more than high wages. Originally, each group was chiefly anxious to maintain and increase its share in both national income and social influence, although with the tacit assumption that the framework of the existing society and international order was to remain unchallenged.

It became clear that the menace of totalitarian aggression could be met only by an equal or superior co-ordination of the economic, political, military, and propaganda activities on the part of the democratic nations. To the problem of what the general policy of the United States should be in a period of emergency there was added the subsequent question of what political or social forces were to be in charge of this co-ordination, and therefore, of American preparedness. Part of the basic philosophy of the nation consisted of an identification without much discrimination of the interests of business with those of the nation as such. Private initiative, guided by profit considerations, was regarded as the natural, and perhaps the only possible, basis of national policy.

Among large sections of the population this philosophy still persists. The initial structure and policy of the National Defense Advisory Commission have been in line with this philosophy, which may be summarized as follows: If centralization of administrative powers, economic planning, and perhaps rigorous commandeering, are inevitable, as they may well become in the course of war economy, then let business itself be in charge of this policy; if competition is to be

suspended, then at least let the former competitors govern the economic institutions that replace it.

Future developments will show more definitely the extent to which this apparent contradiction has been overcome. As far as businessmen are at the same time technical or administrative experts in their respective fields, their active influence upon defense preparation has met with almost general approval. The problem has remained how far beyond this special capacity they are better qualified than other people to lead a military economy that is bound to become less and less similar to the competitive market system in which they have been successful, and how far the profit incentive to which they are accustomed is still applicable to a national economy reorganized on war patterns.

Both the Industrial Mobilization Plan and the prevailing concept of preparedness in this country have virtually been based upon the assumption of "business as usual." After all, if national interest is fundamentally identical with that of business, and if the latter knows best how to run the country in good or bad times, then the logical course of action is to reduce disturbing intervention, especially in critical periods, to the very minimum. The Industrial Mobilization Plan has not of course been put into effect, and the actual industrial mobilization of the United States is taking place on different lines. An advisory commission of leading businessmen rather than a governmental agency with wide executive powers has been intrusted with the early phase of American rearmament, despite the experiences of 1917. This has been due largely to the original desire to have national defense run exclusively by business, and to supply at least the illusion of competition to a field whose nature hardly lends itself to actual competition.

In the light of the European experiences this nation must make up her mind whether "Americanism" is to be a concept identical with competitive business, or one of more complex character. She must decide whether the democratic way of life must necessarily be linked with traditional patterns of economic *laissez faire* or whether it is a timeless philosophy amidst changing economic institutions.

The reliance upon latent economic resources, which turned out to be fatal for France and was at the root of many of the British difficulties, has recently been a factor of decreasing importance in the

United States, but the decisive role of the time factor in dealing with a totalitarian aggressor has been recognized in this country, as elsewhere, only reluctantly. Public opinion is slowly realizing that great resources, economic and otherwise, may be a liability rather than an asset unless actually developed and available, because they encourage complacency.

Finally, the experiences of Europe have taught America that a purely technical concept of preparedness can be equally dangerous. Political blunders can counterbalance almost any amount of physical armaments. The Munich Pact, which in the opinion of observers like Sir Neville Henderson and Joseph P. Kennedy gave Britain and France an indispensable breathing space for rearmament, not only destroyed Czechoslovakia and thereby forty well-trained pro-Ally divisions and many airports near the heart of Germany, but gave the latter the Skoda and Witkowitz works, and, above all, contributed essentially toward demoralizing all the potential allies of the Western Powers in Europe and throwing Soviet Russia into Hitler's arms in the decisive summer of 1939. Can it be seriously claimed that this was offset by the production of a few thousand British airplanes or French tanks in the following year of "breathing space" before the defeat of France?

Or if one considers the long-term results of British nonintervention during the Italo-German invasion of Spain with the resulting establishment of the Franco regime, it is very doubtful whether the cruisers and destroyers that Britain has constructed since that occasion have been enough to offset the naval problems resulting directly or indirectly from this political blunder. Rearmament is little more than a waste of national resources unless based on a sound general policy. The fate of the Maginot Line, which may serve as a further example, is so well known it needs no detailing here.

According to widespread opinion, one of the basic differences between democracy and totalitarianism is that the former is essentially peaceful while the latter necessarily aims at war. The historical truth of either assumption, the first in particular, is open to question. But in any case, against nothing in recent years has the aversion of the American people been stronger than against a "preventive war." The aggression which it appears to involve has been considered by many as utterly incompatible with the spirit of democracy.

For years tactical theories on both sides of the Atlantic have tended to stress the strength of the defense in modern warfare. Captain Liddell Hart has recently repudiated, or tried to modify, his theories on "defense as the best attack" and the "war of limited liability," but his views used to be representative of the frame of mind of large sections of the Western populations. Sometimes they were combined with a belief in the superiority of a strategy of attrition in modern warfare, which was based on uncritical application of World War experiences to the present period, as well as on reliance upon latent economic resources.

After the French disaster, however, there was no longer any excuse for clinging to such concepts, or to an obsolete meaning of defense and aggression in general. Even in the First World War, declarations of war had a very restricted significance with regard to the actual war guilt. Many people, however, continued to believe that the nation that fires the first shot must necessarily be the aggressor. For present-day warfare the firing of shots is incidental, as will be shown later on, and military operations are only one possible phase, although certainly an important one, among various methods of warfare. It is a superstitious rather than a truly pacifist frame of mind which carefully excludes military action from resistance against an enemy which may have for years been winning economic, diplomatic, and propaganda offensives, and which awaits only the most opportune moment to strike the final military blow. It is easy to comprehend a general desire for nonresistance, but it is hard to conceive how anyone can recommend seizing the initiative in economic and diplomatic action while excluding the potential necessity of its co-ordination with military action.

Mr. Liddell Hart and others might even be right with regard to the tactical superiority of defense, unless exposed to a three-to-one (or any other ratio) of superiority, and still be completely wrong in analyzing actual warfare in our time. For the European experience teaches that while defense may conceivably be tactically superior unless the "safe" ratio is exceeded, aggression in terms of long political and economic preparation geared to a more or less definite timetable has proved definitely superior. Gradually it has become clear that the lightning offensives of Germany have been successful only if and when the Nazis succeeded in previously disrupting the life and

morale of the nation concerned. Great Britain was nearing this point in the spring of 1940 when the cabinet of Chamberlain and Simon was replaced in the eleventh hour with that of Churchill and Bevin.

The European war has demonstrated for America the importance of long-term preparation and co-ordination, and thereby, of initial advantage in modern warfare. Few people have identified this with a policy of aggressive militarism. It has rather been increasingly realized that if and when a nation finds that her existence is incompatible with that of Hitlerism, and if she decides upon a policy of resistance rather than capitulation, then it is suicidal to go on leaving the initiative to the enemy.

One implication of this lesson is the necessity for more candor about such concepts as "aid for Britain short of war." Those who advocated conscription only as a wartime measure have been overruled by the majority of the American people, but those who oppose full economic preparedness in peacetime continue to be fairly numerous, as are those who fear a dictatorship from an officially declared war more than from the actual state of national and international affairs in the present period. They are frequently reminded that neither Mussolini nor Hitler came into power through a war emergency, and that the latter did not lead to a dictatorship in this country in 1917. The same revision of obsolete concepts has become inevitable with regard to "neutrality." Whether the new state of affairs is called nonbelligerency or qualified (as opposed to integral) neutrality obviously has very little influence on the designs of the aggressors and the actual problems of American policy. It is clear that wishful thinking with regard to peace should be discouraged.

The fact that the United States has not until the second year of the European war been engaged in rearming on a large scale gives this country a unique opportunity. One of the reasons for the German superiority over France was the fact that the German war machine had been comparatively recently constructed, while the French was based on the World War tradition. To appraise the comparative importance of the army, navy, and air force in our period in the light of the European experiences is clearly the task of the military technician. What must interest the social scientist is the tremendous significance of the co-ordination of these services with each other as well as with economic and diplomatic policies, and the fact that neither

mass armies on old patterns nor limited mechanized bodies of specialists have conducted the decisive military actions. Mechanized mass armies have clearly proved indispensable in coping with totalitarian warfare.

The Second World War has met American economy under conditions radically different from those of 1917. This time a period of interventionism has preceded economic preparedness. The New Deal has left a heritage of some important new agencies of economic and social policy as well as piecemeal planning and rapidly changing makeshift institutions. This time, while the economic machinery of the government and the corresponding administrative machinery have been from the outset vastly larger than during the First World War, the task of industrial co-ordination has been by no means easier.

The contradictory policies of the New Deal, which had in more peaceful years been sold to the nation as unavoidable experiments, have appeared, again in the light of French and British experiences, incompatible with achieving economic preparedness at a fast pace. You cannot, for instance, in an emergency, foster the centralization of management control in the basic industries led by business itself, while embarking simultaneously upon an antitrust drive. Whether the N.R.A. or Mr. Thurman Arnold's policy was closer to the basic idea of the New Deal is irrelevant here, but it has now been realized that the whole idea of restoring free competition by governmental administration cannot be carried out in a period of military economy.

The importance of priority of war-essential orders has been generally recognized since the lesson of 1917, and the British experience further contributed to the early decision to set up a corresponding government agency here. It has taken somewhat longer, however, to discover certain bottlenecks, such as machine-tool production and the scarcity of specialized labor, although Britain went through the same experience a year earlier. Britain also wasted much precious time through the refusal of Mr. Chamberlain's government to set up a Ministry of Supply in "peacetime" (the earlier part of 1939), but the suggestion for establishing in the United States a similar co-ordinating agency with wide executive powers met at first exactly the same resistance.

In 1940 the United States also began to take the dollar sign out of foreign trade, that is, to consider the latter a field of political

security as much as of profit. Germany had made serious inroads in Latin America when the United States started combining old and new methods of credit, subsidy, and barter with a kind of diplomatic offensive. Certain sections of American business, angry at such policies as the Mexican expropriation of oil lands, were still inclined to sympathize with rightist movements in Latin-American countries, but Washington discovered in time that even old-fashioned military dictators were only too susceptible these days to becoming allies or pawns of the Axis Powers. At the same time an embargo policy, especially toward Japan, began to overrule the objections of export groups against interference with vested interests. Later, considerations of general defense against the totalitarian menace began to prevail over individual or special group interest, and the disastrous result of selfish pressure-group policies in France markedly contributed to this change.

On the other hand, psychological reluctance to recognize the real character of this emergency has been tenacious. More particularly, many economists have hesitated to admit that economic preparedness on a large scale—and therefore, steadily growing intervention into the machinery of competition—upsets more and more the old mechanism of business cycles. After 1933, many people expected the revival of economic activity in Germany to turn sooner or later into another slump. Eight years of Nazi policy have made clear that whatever sacrifices the re-employment of the workless may have meant to the German people, and however damnable the war orientation of the whole economy may have been, the old economic mechanism has been perhaps permanently abolished in Germany. It now appears likely that military economy is bound everywhere to have somewhat similar effects upon the tides of boom and depression.

Comparatively few people seem to have suffered any illusion concerning the nature of the armament boom; the majority expected neither that real profits and wages would rise indefinitely, nor that they would go on rising even after the mobilization of idle resources. There has been little discussion on the inevitable decline of the standard of living if rearmament continues *after* the mobilization of idle resources, however the latter may be defined. On the other hand, Britain even in the second year of warfare has succeeded only gradually in utilizing all her reserves of idle labor, and experienced at

the same time a scarcity of skilled labor. Comparatively little attention has been paid to this problem in the United States after years of terrific unemployment.

Opinion in this country concerning the role of financial factors in modern war has gradually been revised in the light of German and British experiences. Although fears concerning future inflation were voiced during the presidential campaign of 1940 and later, it was not overlooked that a powerful machinery of financial control had been set up in the United States during and after the World War, with its powers greatly enlarged after 1933. Moreover, not only totalitarian Germany but democratic England managed to avoid most of the traditional effects of inflation, particularly an uncontrolled rise in prices. Despite the gigantic accumulation of gold in the United States, it has been increasingly realized that a high level in efficiency of production is a much more important factor of preparedness than huge gold stocks or a balanced budget. It has taken most people somewhat longer to recognize that a sensible limitation of private consumption (after wide mobilization of idle resources has been accomplished) may be of equal importance.

The tedious debate on deficit spending that had been going on both before and during the presidential campaign of 1940 became meaningless when the declared objective of spending shifted from "public works" to "national defense." People who resented bitterly spending seven or eight billion dollars a year for peaceful purposes accepted without criticism armament-guided budgets of twenty or twenty-five billions. Complaints on excessive taxation, which had been widespread in peaceful years, virtually disappeared when a substantially higher defense taxation was introduced. The example of the British people, who discharged some of their finance ministers because they did not tax them heavily enough for a successful prosecution of the war, had some effects in this country. However, there was lengthy discussion on "excess profits" and little realization that, according to the British experience, practically any revenue exceeding a living income may sooner or later be felt "excessive" as the emergency develops and the economy becomes more and more geared to defense.

The possible discrepancy between the individual and national viewpoints in private investment was realized in the early stages of

rearmament. The individual entrepreneur had necessarily to consider the problem of post-emergency use of newly erected armament plants, while the government was bound to consider only the powerful incentive for plant expansion of the emergency itself. An early, if superficial, solution has been found in the government's providing for the amortization of additional plants within five years, although the real manner of the economic writing-off will be decided only when the nation, after the emergency, sees its future way clear.

The question whether totalitarian and democratic states can co-exist was put very reluctantly during a period of years in the democratic countries because of the obvious consequences of a possible negative answer. As far as Europe is concerned, National Socialism has left no doubt that it is out to extinguish democracy as an institution. The government of Soviet Russia was once predicated upon the idea of world revolution, but nevertheless coexisted with capitalistic and democratic governments for more than two decades until the invasion of Finland in 1939. Many people believed Italian Fascism had become settled and perhaps peaceful until the Ethiopian and Spanish wars gave evidence to the contrary.

It is a matter of speculation in what direction the policy of the Soviet Union might have developed if that country had not been invaded by the armies of her Nazi partner. As for Italy and Japan, they are still virtual allies, however fearful and unreliable, of National Socialism. As long as the unholy alliance of aggressors is led by the Third Reich, the possibility of their peaceful coexistence with the democratic systems has yet to be proved by the latter—for the former do not even pretend to seek it.

The logical alternative, which most democrats first in Europe and then in the United States have been reluctant to admit, is obviously a preventive destruction of National Socialism and its international system. There is some probability that this might have been accomplished some years ago without necessitating a military action. Many disagree on whether the remilitarization of the Rhineland, or the Spanish War, or the Anschluss, or the Munich crisis, or any other moment would have been the most suitable or final one, but there is virtual unanimity of opinion that such a moment must definitely have existed. This opportunity was missed, but even then military action remained just one among several possible methods, and its clever co-

ordination with economic, diplomatic, and propaganda methods was just as important as the amount of military equipment available.

Whether or not, after all the dismaying European experiences, one chooses to call such a prevention policy aggression, appears more and more immaterial, except perhaps as a psychological imponderable. Even if it should appear technically to be aggression (and which of the most peaceful victims of Nazism has not been branded an aggressor?), any action against the Nazi regime is, from the long-term view, actually bound to be defense. "The power dynamics of authoritarian states have their own law of action," writes Otto Tolischus in *They Wanted War*, "which is determined by opportunity rather than by any individual will." And it is becoming more and more clear that the exemption of the United States from direct attack is only tactical and temporary.

On the other hand, the war in Europe has clarified for the American people more than ever before the actual relationship between peace and democracy. The Italian and German experiences have taught that peace in itself, however desirable, does not guarantee democracy as long as other factors of social disturbance, such as depressions, prevail. British experience, however, shows that even total war does not necessarily mean dictatorship, serious as the inevitable wartime regimentation may be. Both in England and France unintelligent censorship and red tape have waged a continuous struggle against the spreading of sensible information and against democratic guidance. In this struggle, as in the post-war period to come, there is only one dependable guarantee for a survival or revival of democracy: the democratic spirit of the people themselves, coupled with an active determination to have this spirit prevail in society and government. No constitutional provisions in Germany prevented that country from going dictatorial without any change in the democratic constitution; but England, without equivalent constitutional guarantees, has maintained a substantial share of freedom of opinion.

The problem of democratic propaganda, or, if the word has an invidious connotation, democratic information, has not yet been fully solved, either in Britain or in the United States. Perhaps the United States, without indiscriminate glorification of her social institutions, can succeed better than Britain in showing to her own people as well as to other nations the achievements of democracy, and can expose

totalitarian methods and policies by skillful appeals to both the emotions and intellect of the rank and file.

Much paper and ink has been used in this country on the Fifth Column danger, and a good deal of it by actual or potential Fifth Columnists. Many have been completely confused and unable to distinguish between real and alleged Fifth Columnists, a result which has been precisely the purpose of the maneuver. As in other countries, patriotic slogans have been mobilized to conceal the real designs of Hitler's conscious or unconscious *avantgarde*, and a strange mixture of isolationist nationalism and pseudo-pacifist appeasement has served to divert public attention from the real danger.

Few people would believe that an American, either native-born or naturalized, could conceivably favor a pro-Nazi development of the country, or encourage an indigenous Fascist regime here, which would amount virtually to the same thing. Diverting public attention from American pro-Fascists to anti-Fascist aliens was practiced on a considerable scale and served a double purpose. First, it aroused in the rank and file resentments that would be in line with Axis needs, such as anti-Semitism, and second, it made the actual Fifth Columnists appear as saviors of the country.

This whole technique was very new to most Americans, although the examples of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Norway, and France could have taught them that the real danger in each country came not from alien spies—though these were of course employed whenever suitable—but from pro-Fascist or confused native elements. Quisling was not German, but a native of Norway, and the same is true of Guido Schmidt in Austria, Rost von Tonningen in Holland, Laval in France, and Mosley in England.

The technique of smearing all progressives, or simply active anti-Fascists, as Communists, thereby using the Red bogey to imply the necessity of a pro-Fascist policy, has also come as a surprise to many Americans, although it was used for years in various European countries. In the United States this has been all the more striking since the real, Moscow-guided Communists, after the Stalin-Hitler pact, suddenly discovered in themselves a profound pacifism and virtually reflected the desire of the pro-Fascists to "keep America out of war," or, in other words, to stop interfering with Hitler's gradual conquest of the world. This "peace policy" of Stalin has resulted in the light-

ning thrust of the Nazi armies against Russia, and the Stalinists all over the world have at once shifted their party-line toward soliciting the armed aid of the "imperialistic" powers for the Soviet Union. It is doubtful whether more than a limited section of the American people has been able to realize fully the absurdity of Hitler's old claim that he "saved the Western world from Bolshevism"—a claim which for years induced British Tories to tolerate or even encourage Nazi expansion.

Genuine pacifists and isolationists, although guided largely by noble and candid motives, have unknowingly repeated the arguments of the Nazis and their allies, but have been constantly losing ground since Hitler's spring offensive of 1940. They have been unable to understand that they, like their friends in France and other European countries, are simply a part of Hitler's strategy, which has never embarked on military invasion without first having weakened the inner will and core of resistance of a nation.

Hitler's expectation that the racial and religious problems of the United States would become starting points for inner disintegration and subsequent Nazi influence has not worked out to the extent he anticipated. Pandora's box has not opened quite so reliably in this country as it did, for instance, in France.

On the other hand, certain sections of American business have failed to learn from the experiences of either German or British business, or from those in Latin America and elsewhere who tried to do "normal trade without regard to politics" with National Socialist Germany. While thousands of American businessmen grasped the nature and extent of the international crisis more quickly than did the French or English, others have embarked on more or less camouflaged appeasement policies. The motive in some cases is simply the hope of doing profitable business with Germany, which has resulted in a willingness to recognize quickly the German conquest of Europe, and even in a desire to prevent the hostilities across the Atlantic from taking too long a period. In other and perhaps more important cases, the motive has probably been conscious or subconscious sympathy with a system that has eliminated independent labor unions and claims to have suppressed the Reds for all time. In these cases appeasement-mindedness is very close to pro-Fascism, even if it sails

under the flag of "Americanism" or "true democracy," thereby following the pattern of Fascist policies in other countries.

While one section of business has learned from the British Tories, who at last decided, and for good reasons, to intrust key positions in their war government to the Laborites Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, and others, another section behaves as Fritz Thyssen and other German industrialists behaved in the early thirties, when they paved the way to power for Hitler and believed that he would remain their pawn. Thyssen has since been sent to a concentration camp, but America may still have potential Thyssens who fail to realize the actual scope of the "Revolution of Nihilism."

The French example has shown in a different way how direct is the road from appeasement to Fascism. After Daladier and Bonnet, the men of Munich, came Pétain and Darlan, and the Doriots may still follow. It is not necessary here to repeat the story of how France was undermined by Hitler—not primarily through salaried traitors, as an oversimplified explanation would have us believe, but above all through appeasers and semi-Fascist partisans. The French experience has proved convincingly that military invasion today is only the *last* step of aggression, and not necessarily the decisive one. A careful watch for actual or potential American appeasers would be, therefore, the first and basic preliminary condition of successful defense.

It was only when the menace to Great Britain became immediate that public opinion in the United States began to realize the possible implications of a British defeat in terms of an unrestricted expansion of the Axis system—the possibility, if not the inevitability, of facing at a not too distant date the strategic and economic resources of Nazi-fied Europe, plus those of Japan, with the British Navy sunk or captured, Canada practically defenseless, and Latin America in the totalitarian orbit, providing naval, air, and economic bases for aggression against this country. Although it was obvious that an Axis preparation for serious military aggression in this hemisphere must take considerable time, statisticians began to estimate the productive capacity of such an Axis-dominated Eastern Hemisphere in terms of shipyards, iron, and even oil. Their figures have shaken the deeply rooted and complacent belief that this country was necessarily su-

perior to any opponent "in the long run" without any particular adjustment to defense needs.

It has taken somewhat longer to make people realize that Hitler, in attacking various countries, is free of prejudice as to the particular methods to be employed in each individual case, and that his only principle is to apply to each victim that combination of methods best suited to destroy his political, economic, and military resources. The conquest of the Low Countries and France resulted in the United States in the naïve and hectic reaction which usually accompanies or follows complacency, but this frame of mind did not last long and has been replaced with a more elastic conception of defense.

On the other hand, the aim of American policy has shifted gradually from "aid to Britain," with a desire to see in the post-war period simple maintenance or restoration of all the prewar conditions of society and business, to a short-run policy of preparing all means for a defeat of Hitlerism, without necessarily adding immediately a positive program for a post-war world—a shift, incidentally, which parallels the British trend.

The efficiency for wartime production which impoverished Germany achieved within a few years, without counting upon any latent resources, has impressed more and more people in the United States and has led them to believe that the potentialities for a thoroughgoing and efficient mobilization of America are bound to be tremendous. At the same time, events in Europe have showed the American people that the traditional concepts of both peace and war have become obsolete.

AS THE OTHER AMERICANS SEE OUR LITERATURE

JOHN T. REID

FROM THE humblest Woman's Club to the Department of State in Washington the citizens of our nation are as busy as the proverbial bees discovering Latin America. With the youthful enthusiasm for the novel and the popular so characteristic of the United States, we are furiously reading, writing, talking, and—we earnestly hope—thinking about the countries and peoples to the south of us. A heavy rash of lectures, forums, radio programs, institutes, study and discussion groups, concerts, and publications has broken out. All these activities, with their concomitant fads for Mexican sarapes, sombrero ash-trays, and Brazilian music, are pouring into the hopper which will grind out Good Neighborliness and incidentally, it is hoped, commercial and military security.

This is as it should be, I suppose, in spite of the considerable element of plain and fancy claptrap which is inevitably associated with any campaign of popularization. But an equally important aspect of the situation often remains unnoticed: What do the Latin Americans think of us? Are they as ignorant of our country as we of theirs? Are they as eager for economic and cultural *rapprochement* as we are? Have they any interest in our literature, art and music, our language, customs, and social history? An attempt to answer all this would fill several weighty volumes; but perhaps a brief discussion of the nature of the Spanish American attitude to one aspect of our culture—our literature—may help to clear our minds of some misconceptions.

When the otherwise well-informed American tells us with ill-disguised indifference that he knows nothing of Hispanic American letters, he may be sure that his ignorance has been nearly matched by that of the average Latin American in regard to our literature. This courteous gentleman will grant that the United States can turn out fine typewriters, washing-machines, and skyscrapers; but, except for a few outstanding names, our literature has not merited from him much more than a disdainful shrug. Aside from the language bar-

rier, there are two main reasons for this traditional indifference. Until very recent years, Spanish American intellectuals have generally been suckled at the European breast; their brilliant young men have gone to Paris or Madrid to study and have brought back with them cultural and literary standards from the Old World. France has been the spiritual foster mother and Spain the foster father of the intellectual classes. Naturally enough, and according to good French logic, they felt that such a newborn, unlicked cub as the United States could not have any literature worth reading.

Moreover, especially since the last decade of the nineteenth century, the United States has come to symbolize for them a materialistic, money-mad way of life, a culture which in its essence is unfriendly to the finer works of the spirit. Only too well were they acquainted with the imperialistic tentacles of our expansive cult of materialism. They felt that their own way of life was menaced by the giant Caliban of the North, whose marines and inartistic movies were thrust upon them. Such a nation, they reasoned, could not excel in the disinterested art of letters. José Enrique Rodó, the Uruguayan essayist whose inspiring book, *Ariel*, has been sacred scripture to a generation of Latin-American intellectuals, sums up the case thus: "Prodigal with his wealth, the North American has been able to satisfy his vanity with a display of extravagant magnificence; but he has not been able to cultivate the delicate note of good taste. True art has been able to exist in that environment only by virtue of individual rebellion."

I do not mean to say that there have not been some exceptions to these generalizations. Particularly in Cuba, nuclei of intellectuals have come in contact with our literary life and have tried to disseminate a knowledge of it among Spanish Americans. During the last century many of these men, persecuted for their liberal politics by the Spanish government, fled as exiles to New York. The history of their literary friendships with American men of letters and their efforts to interpret North American culture to their compatriots is an inspiring chapter in inter-American relations. The first survey of American literature in Spanish was published in 1861 by a Cuban poet, Juan Clemente Zenea. The first translations of Longfellow and Bryant for Spanish Americans were made by these Cuban exiles.

Until the last few years the only aspect of our literary production

which created any general interest in Latin America was our poetry, and especially the poetry of Longfellow, Poe, and Whitman. According to a translation bibliography compiled by Dr. Paul Manchester, eighty-seven of Longfellow's poems have appeared in one hundred and seventy-four different translations by fifty-three translators. *Evangeline* and "Psalm of Life" have each been honored by ten distinct translations. It is not easy to explain this relatively great popularity of Longfellow among the Hispano-Americans. His optimistic and sunny genius has little in common with the more somber, melancholy tones characteristic of the Spanish American poets. I suggest that the comparative simplicity of Longfellow's verse and the universal nature of his poetic emotion may have had strong attractions for the Spanish American translators. Likewise, his moralistic platitudes undoubtedly appealed to the somewhat pious Colombians, who were his chief devotees.

While the number of translations of Edgar Allan Poe by Spanish Americans is not quite so large as in the case of Longfellow, there is no doubt that in Hispanic America Poe is the most widely known, most enthusiastically discussed, and most influential of our poets. More than seventy-six different translations of twenty-two of his poems have been made in the Spanish-speaking lands, "The Raven," of course, being by all odds his most popular poem. There is no mystery about the vogue for Poe in Spanish America. His melancholy music and his emphasis on the sensuous pleasure of sound have found a congenial climate in the poetic hothouses of our Latin neighbors. Moreover, their interest in him was unquestionably stimulated by the tempest over Poe raised by Baudelaire in France. It was Baudelaire, I believe, who first selected Poe as living proof that true artistic genius lives with difficulty in the sterile, materialistic "desert" of the United States. This Bohemian lament has been warmly taken up by many Spanish American commentators of Poe. Stress is placed on the neglect and even hostility which his native land showed for him in his lifetime and long after. Seldom is Poe considered as typical in any way of the United States. He was a lone, misunderstood figure, unjustly abused by a puritanical and mercantile environment. Only recently have more critical interpretations of Poe appeared.

In 1935 José Antonio Ramos, a Cuban, published a unique volume entitled *Panorama de la literatura norteamericana* through

which, for the first time, Spanish America was introduced to a broad survey of our literary life from the outset to contemporary times. Writing with genuine sympathy and even with admiration for the United States, he deals with Poe in a manner unusual among Hispano-Americans. He reminds his readers that in no country in the Western world could a neurotic, maladjusted individual like Poe expect to receive wide popular acclaim. Certainly, he points out, the Spanish American republics have not been signally diligent in crowning their misfit bards; in France, Baudelaire died in miserable poverty and London did not make life easy for George Gissing or Oscar Wilde. Moreover, Poe did not suffer as much as legend would have it. In spite of his difficult temperament, says Ramos, he had a good group of sincere friends and seldom had trouble in publishing his writings. In short, Ramos believes that Poe's misfortunes were a result of his own peculiarities, and do not constitute a self-evident indictment of the materialism of his native land.

To a lesser extent Whitman has attracted admirers among the Spanish Americans. His fame with them has been due largely to the fact that his metrical freedom struck the fancy of the young innovators in Spanish versification, although in the last ten or fifteen years his importance as a voice of social democracy has been appreciated as well.

There is no doubt that within recent years there has been a quickening of interest for our literature among Latin Americans. Accompanying this increased interest is a new attitude toward our literary production and the social trends which it reflects. I do not mean that there has been a miraculous and widespread conversion. But here and there in Latin America are young men and women, many of them political and social radicals, who are looking at our literature with new eyes. A good representative of these is Ramos, to whose *Panorama* I have just referred. To him, in spite of the injustices of our past imperialism and our monstrous, inhuman capitalism, the United States shows in its literature a persistent social idealism, from the days of Emerson and Thoreau through the darker years of Bellamy, Veblen, and Henry George, to the present when such writers as Carl Sandburg and John Dos Passos protest against the lies of contemporary social and economic life.

This volume of José Antonio Ramos is no mere classroom man-

ual or textbook. It is an impassioned and speculative essay in which the cataloging of names and dates occupies a secondary place. Apparently influenced by Vernon Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*, he spends considerable time analyzing the social and economic grounds of American literature; through this analysis he develops his main thesis: Spanish America has much to learn from the social and literary history of the United States, from our idealistic struggle to bring about a more just and co-operative society. On almost every page Ramos suggests comparisons and contrasts between the cultural history of our country and that of the Spanish-speaking nations. He notes, for example, that literature in the United States before Bret Harte and Mark Twain offers analogies to the literary efforts of most of Spanish America even today: it was an activity of wealthy men who wrote largely in imitation of European models and whose popular appeal was limited by the lack of a large reading public. He sees striking similarities between the literature of our South and that of Latin America. Both have been inclined to be intensely regionalistic and conservative, the product of a New World feudal aristocracy. In most parts of the United States, Ramos reminds us, the spread of popular education has made possible a literature of social significance with a wide popular base. It is obviously on this recent literary work of social revaluation that he dwells most lovingly. Sherwood Anderson, Upton Sinclair, Carl Sandburg, Sinclair Lewis, and Edgar Lee Masters are among his favorites.

Another important lesson for Spanish America which is stressed in the *Panorama* is the manner in which the United States has developed a truly native literature pervaded with a distinctively American essence. There is perhaps no theme which is nearer the heart of the contemporary literary generation in Spanish America. Conscious of the weight of foreign cultural traditions, the young Latin-American novelists and poets are seeking with painful earnestness to interpret the peculiar characteristics of man in the American jungle and pampa, his distinctive manner of thought, the special problems in living which he and his environment have produced. Ramos laments that this zeal among his compatriots has not borne fruit as savory as that produced in North America. A colonial economic status, he claims, makes it difficult for Latin America to shake off the habit of excessive adulation of alien cultural models. In this connec-

tion it is significant that he scorns such Europeanized expatriates as Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot and prefers the American accent of Vachel Lindsay.

The appearance of this study of North American literature was an encouraging sign. There are other indications that an increased appreciation of our literary life is slowly growing among the Spanish Americans. In order to find out the extent and nature of this interest I checked through the files of five representative Spanish American cultural periodicals for the past ten years: *Sur* and *Nosotros*, published in Argentina; the *Revista Cubana* and the *Revista Bimestre Cubana* from Havana; and the *Repertorio Americano* from Costa Rica. I noted a total of 75 items concerning North American literature. Twenty-nine of them were critical articles, including significant book reviews written by Spanish Americans; 11 were critical articles translated from English, 14 were translations of American poetry, and 21 were translations of fiction and essays. Of the articles of original criticism, 11 concerned Waldo Frank and 4 Edgar Allan Poe. Mark Twain, Eugene O'Neill, and Langston Hughes were each the subject of 2 articles. Other studies dealt with Henry Thoreau, Lafcadio Hearn, and Hendrick Van Loon. Of the translated critical articles, 6 concerned contemporary literature in general, especially the novel. George Santayana, Gertrude Stein, and Hart Crane were each accorded one article; John Steinbeck was the subject of two. The type of poetry translated shows considerable catholicity of taste: there were two translations each for T. S. Eliot, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elinor Wylie, and three for Langston Hughes. Others whose poems were put into Spanish included Edgar Lee Masters, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and William Rose Benét. Among the translated prose selections, essays by Waldo Frank were by far the most frequent, but Michael Gold, Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Lafcadio Hearn, and George Santayana were also represented. While in some ways this survey may not seem to reveal a very extensive or discriminating knowledge of our literature, I venture to suggest that a similar survey of articles in North American general periodicals would show a practically negligible interest in Spanish American literature.

Of the magazines examined, *Sur* of Buenos Aires and the *Repertorio Americano* of Costa Rica devoted the most space to North

American letters. The former was founded under the inspiration of Waldo Frank and he has been a godfather to it. In content it reminds one of the *London Mercury* or the old *Dial*. The *Repertorio Americano* is one of the most stimulating literary magazines of Latin America, somewhat left and anti-Yankee in its viewpoint.

Another barometer of interest in our literature would be the current translations of North American literary productions into Spanish. Unfortunately it is difficult to obtain a complete list of such translations because of the lack of good bibliographical tools. A very rough examination of recent publishers' catalogs from Spanish America revealed 60 titles which might be classified as North American literature. These do not include, of course, the numerous translations of technical or scientific works. I have also arbitrarily excluded scores of adventure novels by such authors as Rafael Sabatini, James Oliver Curwood, and Rex Beach, since their literary status is more than doubtful. Of the 60 titles, 17 were of nineteenth-century writers, Mark Twain being the most popular, with 8 translations. The others included such old favorites as Wallace's *Ben Hur*, Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, Emerson's *Essays*, and Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Twentieth-century literature accounted for 43 volumes. Waldo Frank again takes the lead in this group, 7 of his novels and critical works having been translated. Among the novelists, Sinclair Lewis has been honored by 5 translations and John Steinbeck by 4. John Dos Passos and Upton Sinclair each have 2 novels in Spanish. Other translated novels included more titles from among our best sellers: Pearl Buck's *The Good Earth*, Edna Ferber's *Cimarron*, Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, and Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms*. In addition to Dos Passos, Sinclair, Steinbeck, and Lewis, the novel of social criticism was represented by Edward Dahlberg's *The Bottom Dogs* and James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*, as well as by two earlier books of Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson.

Among the dramatists O'Neill is the most popular. The Spanish titles of his plays sound a bit curious: *El Emperador Jones*, *Extraño Interludio*, *Ana Christie*, *Todos los hijos de Dios tienen alas* (*All God's Chillun Got Wings*). O'Neill has received notable attention in Latin America. Critical comment in periodicals is abundant, and recently an Argentine, León Miras, has published an excellent 200-

page study of his life and works. A translation of at least one of Maxwell Anderson's plays has appeared in Spanish; his *Winterset* was staged in Mexico City not long ago. Although it is difficult to imagine how it was done or the nature of the result, *Green Pastures* has also been rendered into Spanish!

It is curious that no volumes of North American poetry seem to have been published in Spanish recently, considering the Spanish American's well-known love of verse.

While this survey is far too incomplete to form the basis for any definitive conclusions, one might venture the following tentative observations:

(1) It is, I suppose, inevitable but regrettable that the adventure novel should loom so large in the list of translations. Zane Grey's books must give a very strange and distorted picture of our national cultural interests.

(2) The popularity of Mark Twain is significant. It is due in part to the perennial appeal of his good humor. More important, however, is the fact that the Spanish American recognizes in Mark Twain the unmistakable stamp of native American life. His work strikes a responsive chord among those who are endeavoring to produce a genuinely American literature in Spanish.

(3) The number of translated best sellers is indicative of the growing importance of the organized commercial book trade, especially in Argentina, Chile, and Mexico. In the past and even today in many countries of Spanish America, publishing a book was a very personal and aristocratic affair; the edition was usually paid for by the author, who distributed copies to his friends. Today there are several flourishing houses such as Ercilla and Zig-Zag in Chile or Botas in Mexico which operate on a North American mass production basis. They are eager to issue cheap editions of "sure-fire" titles which will sell in large numbers to the growing public of middle-class readers. Imitating their Yankee models, they seize avidly on a *Gone With the Wind*. It is possible, also, that the American film has had some effect in popularizing such novels as *The Good Earth* and *The Grapes of Wrath*.

(4) Probably the most significant fact is the obvious interest in our literature of social protest. This is evident, not only in this examination of translated works, but also in Ramos' *Panorama* and in

periodical criticism. The prominence, for example, of Waldo Frank in Latin-American eyes may seem puzzling. This is due partly to the fact that Frank is one of the few American intellectuals who have taken the trouble to interest themselves in "America Hispana." He has written an interpretative study of the southern republics; in 1929 he made an extensive lecture tour through Latin America. Moreover, his intricate and embroidered manner of thought and expression is congenial to the Spanish American intellectual atmosphere. As a Mexican editor phrases it: "He possesses an indefinable delicacy which previously has been foreign to Yankee literature." Primarily, however, Waldo Frank is admired by the Spanish American intellectual because of his forthright condemnation of North American materialism, his revolutionary attitude toward social injustice, and his plea for *rapprochement* among the liberal elements of the Americas.

It is clear that if we are to understand contemporary Latin America, we must recognize sympathetically the widespread desire for social change among the thinking minorities of the Spanish American nations. Señor Ramos, speaking of present-day liberal or radical authors in the United States, says, "Our duty—that of analogous minorities in the rest of the American republics—bids us to draw near to them and fraternize with them, in spite of frontiers, customs houses, soldiers and guns, in spite of their human vultures and their false patriots and ours."

JEFFERSON AND THE FAITHLESS

RUSSELL AMOS KIRK

IT SEEMS to be a tendency of literary critics to attach to the opinions of contemporary writers a significance unjustified with regard to the effect of such opinions upon current social movements. A Voltaire, an Adam Smith, even a Dickens' *Oliver Twist* may change the world, but not so the works of the usual writer of ability; as a rule, the writer has no thorough understanding of the people of his own age, and, conversely, his views are unheeded by the masses. So it is that the critic Horace Gregory, writing in 1932, exaggerated the relation between certain recent realistic writers and the political thought of today.

For Mr. Gregory appears to believe that the individualistic democracy Thomas Jefferson dreamed of is doomed—has already vanished, in fact; never existed, to be truthful—and offers as proof the declining popularity and the disillusionment of Mencken, Lindsay, Masters, and Sandburg, the literary champions, he asserts, of Jeffersonian democracy.

It was in 1932 that Gregory wrote his essay, "Our Writers and the Democratic Myth"—fateful 1932, year of uncertainty and misery and fear and distrust. A great many things have changed since 1932, and a great many opinions have been altered. The smoke sent up from the confusion of the past nine years has drifted away a little now, and it is interesting, looking back, to see the discontent with old ways that was in our minds then.

Gregory begins by stating that 1930 marked the literary burial of the recent realistic school of H. L. Mencken and the representatives in verse of his philosophy—Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, and Carl Sandburg. Implying that these unfortunates have been crushed beneath a wave of disapproval set in motion by the public seriousness engendered by the depression, he sets about tracing the steps by which these writers have lost their certainty in the rightness of Jeffersonian doctrines and by which the nation has lost faith in the writers themselves.

It is first necessary to establish the fact that these writers adhere

to Jeffersonian traditions. Superficially, this is not difficult to do for Lindsay, Masters, and Sandburg; their expressed or implied faith in the common man, their choice of the common man as their subject matter, their democratic lives—these are presented as evidences of their faith. As for Mencken, Gregory writes that he represents the “Jeffersonian ideal of aristocratic libertarianism” and that upon the publication of Mencken’s *Notes on Democracy* in 1926, “For the first time it became evident that Mr. Mencken was not and never had been the glorious Zarathustra of his youth. Siegfried and Nietzsche turned out to be merely disguises to hide the ‘plain cloth’ garments of Thomas Jefferson.” Gregory might adduce further proof, were he writing today, from the attacks of Mencken upon the Roosevelt administration.

Mr. Gregory proceeds to summarize the experiences of Mencken’s followers with the world and the effects of such experiences upon their writings. He shows how Lindsay, product of the Middle West, accepted by Europe as a genuine representative of the American spirit, gradually comprehended, after his long wanderings as a vagabond, that the common people were not the common people of Jefferson’s ideal, and, after the sale of his books declined, lost his faith in the innate strength of those people. “His decline in critical and popular favor was accompanied by a shift in the character of his idealism. His vision of the ‘common people’ paled. His adulation of Andrew Jackson, Lincoln, and Bryan changed to a little-red-school-house worship of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. . . . It was a disastrous retreat for him, a strong indication that his confidence in democracy, if not blasted, was in one of the later stages of decay.”

Edgar Lee Masters, another writer of the democratic school, grew increasingly disillusioned with the common people as the years progressed, Gregory asserts; the realism of his poems became bitter. “Within a few years Masters became a Tom Paine Cassandra shouting a prophecy of destruction to the four corners of the American continent—and there was no bottom to the well of bitterness in which he cooled his hatred of capitalistic society, prohibition, and the ghost of the American Puritan. The spirit of self-destruction had entered his bones, and this could not effect a catharsis until he had

destroyed one of his chief idols, Abraham Lincoln, the subject he had chosen for an exhaustive biography."

Carl Sandburg, realist poet and social reformer, wrote at his best in the first years, when inspired by the democratic ideal and acting as the voice of the Socialist party, Gregory points out. But Sandburg has come to realize that much of his faith was misplaced, and his compositions have not their former power. One might take exception to Gregory's conclusions as to Sandburg after reading that poet's more recent *The People*. But grant Gregory's premise: "As long as the Socialist Party retained its position as the fighting left wing of political reform in America, Sandburg's poetry carried something of its zeal and emotional vitality. But when the party began to show signs of inner corruption and to move in the general (and vague) direction of American liberalism, Sandburg's poetry followed in its wake. It was then that the rugged and sometimes sharp outlines of Sandburg's writing became blurred."

Gregory recognizes a distinction between Mencken and the other three writers, stating that Mencken upholds the aristocratic libertarian aspect of Jeffersonianism and these disciples of his the popular democratic aspect. In either category the writers place their faith mistakenly. With a final thrust at Mencken, "If he offers any criticism at all, it is in the spirit of hopeless amusement—a kind of bear-baiting of Herbert Hoover and the dignitaries of the Protestant churches. . . . At the present moment it seems as though both aspects of the Jeffersonian ideal as revealed by H. L. Mencken and his disciples—both democratic idealism and aristocratic libertarianism—are spiritually bankrupt."

Performing the duties of a sexton for Jeffersonianism and its literary adherents, Gregory summarizes: "The younger liberals have deserted the Mencken camp; they not only mistrust the validity of democratic action in a country where collective action has become a necessity, but they no longer enjoy the endless vista of the decay of the aristocratic libertarianism of Jefferson. It is enough that three once popular poets have sacrificed their talents upon an empty shrine. The time has come for a reassertion of faith, not for a further contemplation of America's failure in the immediate past. Already the younger men are swinging to the extremes of left and right. Their

way is still uncertain, but we may be sure that they will have little patience with the heritage of the Sage of Monticello as thus far interpreted by our writers."

That was 1932.

Horace Gregory's analysis of this matter is faulty on two grounds, it seems to me: the writers he cites cannot be considered adherents to the Jeffersonian tradition, and he underestimates the strength of Jeffersonianism.

It might be said that Gregory is mistaken in his assertion that Mencken and his school have been buried by adverse criticism; where is the figure in American literature today who is to supplant the very-much-alive Mencken, and where are the new poets of the left or the right who are to take the places of Lindsay, Masters, and Sandburg? But the point is immaterial, for these writers cannot be termed democrats of the Jeffersonian school.

Like most of us, Mr. Gregory seems to love generalizations. He fails to distinguish between Jeffersonianism and all other expressions of that vague force called democracy. He does not mention that Jefferson never had unbounded faith in the people, but only asserted that in America, under such conditions as then existed, constitutional democracy was the government to provide the greatest good for the greatest number. If Gregory were to analyze the beliefs of the writers he discusses, he probably would find that Mencken is no more a Jeffersonian than Hamilton was, and that the three poets mentioned incline toward the Bryan brand of democracy more than toward the Jeffersonian.

Mencken comes nearest to being a Jeffersonian. He denounces the encroachment of the federal government upon the rights of localities and individuals; he is an aristocratic libertarian, surely. But he is not of Jefferson's stamp, even though he implies loyalty to the Virginian's banners. He is filled with a disdain of the common man; Jefferson trusted in the ultimate righteousness of the masses. He sneers at the farming classes, at rural life; Jefferson based his political theories upon the existence of an agricultural economy. He scoffs at the Anglo-Saxon heritage; Jefferson believed that a democracy could not exist without that heritage. He disparages popular educa-

tion; Jefferson was its leading proponent. He professes atheism; Jefferson was a deist. He lashes Puritanism; Jefferson was a Puritan by training and inclination. He may acquiesce in Jefferson's conclusions as to the ideal government, but he refuses to accept the premises upon which Jefferson established the foundations of that government. Such lip service to Jeffersonianism is no more real Jeffersonian democracy than is the reign of Boss Pendergast in Kansas City. We cannot recognize H. L. Mencken as a follower of Jefferson.

Lindsay, Masters, and Sandburg have even less claim to such a distinction. Real Jeffersonianism requires enduring confidence in the common man, an optimistic soul, a deep and clear vision, and an understanding of that old spirit called Americanism. None of these poets possesses all these qualities, and it is to be expected that their allegiance to Jeffersonian principles is but superficial. Their realism is not real at all; they are not realists, but visionaries, dreamers, idealists. They cannot understand, as the practical theorist Jefferson could, that the many faults of the common man do not prove the democrat has misplaced his trust. They cannot endure disappointment and disillusionment; they cannot endure the indifference of the public. Perhaps it would be unjust to attach great significance to Gregory's observation that their enthusiasm for democracy and their powers of writing decreased in direct proportion to the decrease in the sale of their works. But they are not worthy to be the exponents of Jeffersonianism and the champions of the people. Contrast the naïve vagabond Lindsay with the reserved, farseeing Jefferson; contrast Masters' cynicism with Jefferson's optimism; and contrast Sandburg's blind faith in socialism with Jefferson's recognition of man's weaknesses. Then one can realize why these poets never could be real democrats, never could understand the vulgarity and the hardness and the selfishness and the materialism and the strength and the goodness of the American people. Did any of them really dream the American dream? The public rejects the championship of these literary knights. They and their kind never can know the innate virtue of democracy. It may be, as Gregory writes, that they have sacrificed their talents upon an "empty" shrine; so be it. Democracy is too proud to waste tears upon men who never really loved her, too ageless to heed the puny complaints of these poets. Jefferson wrote

to W. S. Smith, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." These writers, however, are neither patriots nor tyrants, but men without faith.

And Mr. Gregory errs a second time, I think, when he alleges that Jeffersonian principles are antedated and must be supplanted by collective action. We must note, again, that he was writing in 1932. Since then a number of people have changed their opinions as to the desirability of collective action. Since then, even in this world of industrialization and urban populations—this world whose coming Jefferson dreaded might ruin his democracy—Jeffersonianism has vindicated itself.

Gregory seems to have been discontented with American liberalism, Jeffersonianism, and conservatism in 1932. "Already," he writes, "the younger men are swinging to the extremes of left and right." Since then this country has swung a little to the left, and other countries have swung a great deal to one side or the other. To the surprise of some, the modern left and the modern right are not so far apart; the differences between the Fascist right and the Marxist left seem to be more factional than doctrinal. The real right, or the real left, depending upon one's point of view, is the democratic individualism of Jefferson. And since 1932 the support for Jeffersonianism in this country has grown stronger, not weaker.

Here in America collective action has limped to a halt. It cannot go farther; it is a blind monster with a great many heads but no eyes strong enough to pierce the darkness. It finds itself dependent, eventually, upon the existence of that democratic individualism whose antagonist it is. "Each man kills the thing he loves," and collective action is trying to strangle the individual initiative which sustains that collective action.

We have found that national planning in industry, in social controls, in agriculture, and in a thousand other matters cannot be successful unless the support of a free democratic individualism is behind it. The reasons are simple enough; they lie in the greatneses and the weaknesses of man. It is democracy, Jeffersonian democracy, which is the greatest spur to these greatneses and the greatest curb on these weaknesses. More than any other form of government it tries to satisfy man's longings. May not all history be said to consist

of a record of man's struggles for individual freedom, struggles prolonged by a million defeats? Or, if one takes the economic view of history, is it not one long struggle of man to satisfy his wants, which seem to be satisfied most fully when man has the aid of freedom to push him on through the fight? It is Jeffersonian democracy which allows the citizen the greatest measure of personal freedom, of self-respect, of individual ambition, and of independent thought. What have Mr. Gregory's left or right to offer in exchange for these gifts? Jeffersonian democracy succeeds because it offers the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number; it gives rein to the vanity and the selfishness and the ambition and the humility and the generosity and the love of peace that are man's.

Some of us turned our faces away from that democracy—that aristocratic libertarianism, if you will, for to the Jeffersonian every man is an aristocrat—in 1932, looking for greater benefits in collective action. We have seen, since then, that really effective collective action cannot exist without democracy and freedom. We have seen how a people can place their trust in a government and refuse to struggle and to think for themselves. We have seen how centralization breeds corruption and waste, and how local government, long declining, can be incompetent to bear its burdens. We have seen how indolence and inertia can take the place co-operation is supposed to occupy in any scheme of collective action. We have seen how independence is changed into class and party bickering, not into collective endeavor. We have seen how a people's affairs can prove too complex for any bureaucracy to manage. And we have seen that only the spirit of Jeffersonianism is able to restrain these evils. We have come to understand that collective action without liberty, complete liberty, is like a quicksand hidden by green grass.

In America the opportunities for happiness inherent in democracy always have had their greatest possibility of fulfillment. Europe has had collective action too long to learn in a generation how to breathe the air of freedom.

To plan effectively the nation's future we must foster Jeffersonian principles. We must have slow but democratic decisions, sound local government, diffusion of property-owning, taxation as direct as possible, preservation of civil liberties, payment of debts by the genera-

tion incurring them, prevention of the rise of class antipathies, a stable and extensive agriculture, as little governing by the government as practicable, and, above all, stimulation of self-reliance. If we are to have a planned economy, collective action, we must have these forces to maintain it. And as yet the national administration, or any other national administration, has been unable to reconcile Jeffersonian ideals with authoritarian methods. If one of these two standards must fall, for the happiness of mankind let it be that of the authoritarian.

Perhaps Mr. Gregory is right in his assertion that Jefferson's shrine is an empty one; perhaps the new writers and, far more important, the new politicians will pay little heed to the Sage of Monticello. But if such be the case, we must not look for real prosperity, real success, or real happiness in our new system of collective action; we must await a decline like that of Rome under Diocletian, who found that his planned economy could exist satisfactorily only when supported by the strong arms of an enterprising and free citizenry, and that his collective methods had extinguished the last faint spark of such a citizenry in the decaying Empire. It may be too late for us to uphold the Jeffersonian ideal. If it is too late, the night of the ages cannot fall too soon.

Such is the fate to which the pessimism or the failure of Horace Gregory and H. L. Mencken and Masters and Lindsay and Sandburg would doom us. But Jeffersonian democracy is stronger than these men, stronger than any man. It may be that the common people in whom these writers have no faith will yet show the might Jefferson saw in them; it may be that they no longer have that power. Jeffersonianism may die, but, stand or fall, it has made manifest its essential rightness and its essential virtue.

WHAT IS AN INTELLECTUAL?

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

THE QUESTION, we regret to say, is not a rhetorical one. We trust, though, that it is a relevant one. The fact that nobody seems to know for sure what an intellectual is, is somewhat encouraging because, if memory serves, definitive definitions of a gentleman did not begin to roll in until long after his passing from the world. Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick's articles in the *Atlantic* on the disappearance of the species probably marked the end of something, just as surely as the *Atlantic's* homage to the melting-butter side of Gertrude Stein probably marks (we hope) the end of something else.

Unless the term "intellectual" has gone the way of countless others that allowed the world to be too much with them, it might not be wholly fruitless to try to get it out of the connotative hock in which we now find it. When applied in a strict denotative sense, the word has never had its hands full.

"There is not any term that is oftener misapplied," wrote Hazlitt, "or that is a stronger instance of the abuse of language, than this same word *respectable*. By a *respectable man* is generally meant a person whom there is no reason for respecting, or none that we choose to name. . . ." For altogether too long we have been calling persons in this country intellectuals with even less reason than we continue to call men respectable who have become "rich for want of ideas, and powerful from want of principle." One becomes an intellectual in twentieth-century America in precisely the same way that one gets fed in the automat. Anything in the automat will go a long way toward sustaining life; and, likewise, possession of the most modest talent along literary, artistic, or forensic lines can easily sustain the illusion of profound intellectuality.

All too frequently the American intellectual has achieved the title for reasons that neither redound to his credit nor augur well for the future of his country. In the past neither unbounded love for oneself nor intense dislike for one's parents and neighbors has been accounted a qualifying earnest. Neither has the possession of an

esthetic equipment more (but not always measurably more) complex and finely sensitized than the general. Neither has plain ordinary animal dissatisfaction with one's environment. Neither has living in sin (or out) on the Left Bank for sixteen months. Neither has the identification of the tragic with the painful and the pathologic. Neither has the erection of life philosophies upon creature-comfort bases. Neither has the glorification (and often emulation) of the invertebrate consciousness. Neither has the exclusive reading of modern realistic novels. Neither has the writing of corkscrew poetry. Neither has running in packs.

Kay Boyle was perhaps within her artistic rights when she announced several years ago: "If there is a thing I want to go back to America for it is to see the lizards red as leather, there's nothing like them over here." But hundreds of our literary "intellectuals" have been getting by handsomely for years on a very meager store of red-lizard capital.

Other intellectuals—men and women of real talent and undoubted sincerity—continually display ominously low functional quotients. A genuine intellectual, truly functioning as such, does not, for instance, say of Irving Babbitt's *On Being Creative*: "Coming back to Dr. Babbitt's verbal gymnastics after almost two years of rest from them, one is impressed by their total irrelevance to contemporary life." He does not conclude a review of Julien Benda's *The Treason of the Intellectuals* with these words: "If this book had been written by an American, publishers would have ignored it. They would have been wise"; and then five years later sternly upbraid America for fearing mind. He does not deplore the spread of vulgarity in the modern world, and observe sadly that Europe is flooded with tenth-rate literature at a meeting of the Institut de Coopération Intellectuelle in 1933; and then unload upon that same world an *Eyeless in Gaza* in 1936.

A genuine intellectual makes a continuing, undeviating effort to live by the higher centers of the brain. And the heart of his philosophy is neither distrust of nor contempt for philosophy in its broad traditional uses and consolations. H. G. Wells was quoted as saying a number of years ago that science provided an escape from religion and philosophy. Religion and philosophy, he went on, will ultimately be supplanted by science, "which is a legitimate field of in-

quity for essentially practical minds." And only a short time ago, Bertrand Russell reiterated his long-standing disrespect for philosophy: "Philosophy is a stage in intellectual development, and is not compatible with mental maturity. In order that it may flourish, traditional doctrines must still be believed, but not so unquestioningly that arguments in support of them are never sought; there must also be a belief that important truths can be discovered by merely thinking, without the aid of observation."

So long as our supposed intellectuals persist in confusing a method of inquiry with a way of life, so long as they continue to take pride in their escape from religion and philosophy, so long will they continue to be of little service to the spiritual and intellectual life of the country. Even their contributions to social and economic theory will probably turn out to be more apparent than real. It may be harder to take religion seriously today, partly because of the many innocuous, irrelevant, or downright bogus forms it has assumed, partly because of the many fetishes and muckerisms that we as individuals have so uncritically subscribed to. But our losses, our blind spots and vanities, are not necessarily our virtues, although we have ever been disposed to see them as such. With religion in its present parlous state, belief in the dignity and usefulness of philosophy becomes a necessity. It constitutes our last line of defense against a world that is fast learning to know and respect only the rules of the jungle.

In the introduction to his *Democracy and Leadership* (1924), Irving Babbitt had the following comment to make on Lloyd George's prediction that the future would be even more exclusively concerned with the economic problem, especially with the relations between capital and labor: "When studied with any degree of thoroughness, the economic problem will be found to run into the political problem, the political problem in turn into the philosophical problem, and the philosophical problem itself to be almost indissolubly bound up with the religious problem." Babbitt feared that if Lloyd George were correct the future would be very superficial indeed. Today it is being driven home to us how very correct they both were. It appears that in this country the economic problem is about to merge, at long last, into the political problem. Whether or not we will get beyond the political sphere before it is too late de-

pendes upon the willingness of American intellectuals to begin to function as men thinking.

To start with, our "professional" intellectuals will have to change their ways radically, so that J. E. Boodin's charge that "the chief end of academic philosophy is to furnish a living for professors of philosophy" will lose its disgraceful point; so that volumes like the *Living Philosophies* of a few years ago will not provoke lovers of country, philosophy, and the good life like Benjamin Ginzburg to announce that "in assembling . . . this series . . . the editor of *The Forum* and Messrs. Simon and Schuster have performed a distinct service to the cause of thought . . . they have put in black and white an amazing confession of the intellectual bankruptcy of our age." Wells and Russell to the contrary, our intellectuals must begin assuming that the exercise of the higher faculties can influence the collective, as well as individual, life of the country. We have been feeding on facts and leaning on "observation" long enough.

The mere exercise of intelligence, however, is not enough. In the first place, the intellectual faculty must be free to function courageously, unselfishly, unconceitedly. And, second, the untrammelled intelligence must be directed unceasingly toward worthy objects and ends. Along about 1928 it became fashionable for writers to lament in the pages of our better magazines the fact that America was over-producing on brains: too many Einsteins tending ticker tape; too many Phi Beta Kappas selling Fuller brushes. There was much truth in the charge. Immediately prior to the crackup of 1929, it appeared that all the finer buds and flowers of the American intelligence were fast being blighted by that do-nothing, yes-man spirit abroad in the land, which finally brought the country to its economic knees.

Intellectual integrity broke to an all-time low in the 1920's. The very air reeked of Pragmatism going it on all fours. There were scores of vital problems crying for intelligent, searching attention, but to attack them incisively and with high courage was to court social, even "intellectual," ostracism. Men and women who had been talking and writing economic, political, and ethical sense for years were almost completely neglected. Their time was coming, but their critics were (and often still are) unaware of it.

The younger men of intellectual possibilities either succumbed to the prevalent malaises and became cynical devotees of Mammon, or

began to write shuttlecock novels or surrealist poetry and set up as "intellectuals." The more enterprising, more generously subsidized "intellectuals" left the country at the first opportunity, not to return until things began to get much tighter than a Prohibition jug in foreign climes, and the Brain Trusters got the country back on its economic feet again, largely by lending it its own money on its own collateral.

Most of our intellectuals during the past forty years have either buckled ignominiously, or have functioned very imperfectly along the lines hinted at above. Despairing of their world, lacking the boldness and the faith to try to do something about it, many of our potential intellectuals have been modishly burying their heads in the sands of specialism. The cult of the specialist in scientific, semi-, or pseudo-scientific fields, obsessed with his test tubes and impressively decked out in his white robes, has been one of the most common and popular forms that intellectual degradation has taken in our time. The intellectuals of science have, we would hasten to add, served us nobly in countless ways, and will continue to do so; but in smugly, proudly allowing us to turn them into the gods of the moment, they have caused us to forget that nations and civilizations cannot live by radios, electric refrigerators, and public hygiene alone. Even the completely disinterested contemplation of penultimate atomic essence will not see us through. And those intellectuals of science who have been keenly aware of our easy susceptibility to laboratory suggestion and example, and have tried to provide us with light and leading in nonscientific spheres, have usually succeeded only in dispelling the halo of their omniscience.

If a true intellectual cannot afford the contentment and security of specialism, neither can he afford the luxury of Olympianism. In these critical times it is woefully easy for intellectuals to get themselves impaled upon one or both horns of this dilemma. During the 1920's, when it was possible, almost obligatory (though shortsighted in any case), for intellectuals to keep to themselves and their coteries, a man like Paul Valery was the touchstone of intellectuals. He was the literary man's idea of intellectual and esthetic Nirvana. His keen intellect, his wide-ranging interests, his sensitivity to all the nuances of speculative and artistic values stamped him as the universal man of our times. He became the world's number one antidote to the

barbarities of specialization and the vulgarities of rampant commercialism. Those very ones who were canonizing Valery in the 1920's now, in public spasms of Marxian savagery, taunt him and his kind for their failure to have anything more substantial than Sunday School truisms and flabby generalities to offer us in our time of trial.

Both the oracle and the grub have been found wanting. The one served as a diversion for the esthetes; the other continues to serve as a blind for himself.

A true intellectual regards the intelligence not as an end, in vacuo, but primarily as the medium through which the willing and directing of a humane civilization may be channeled. "The prophet may deliver his burden with no warrant but the awful 'Thus saith the Lord'; and the poet may impose his own passionate vision without any authority except the magic of his words. But men must use reason to weigh the truth of what rival prophets and poets have said. And he who helps them to reason more justly renders a service second to none in importance and beneficence." Were our intellectuals to take these words of Morris R. Cohen seriously, they might have to do an embarrassing about-face, but they would have the satisfaction of knowing that at least they were facing in the right direction.

Several years ago when the Pareto boom was nearing its momentary crest, Bernard DeVoto observed that if intellectuals know what they want society to be, they probably will not be able to read Pareto. That "one who hopes to grow roses on the bushes in his dooryard cannot comfortably discover that they are currant bushes." The warning will always have point for American leaders and thinkers, but when DeVoto concludes that "if realism is more desirable than vision in intellectual leadership, here is its primer," the emphasis seems to be where we do not much longer dare to have it. It is dangerous to tell American intellectuals today that we need less vision and more realism: (1) because they have known too many men of vision who turned out to be the most childish of visionaries, the most sentimental of utopians known to history; and (2) because realism usually means to an American intellectual such quick, practical, clear-cut things as Fascism, Communism, or the feathering of one's nest.

It would be much safer to send the American intellectuals for whom there is yet hope to an article by Charles A. Beard in the

December, 1931, issue of *Scribner's*, in which he sketches the ground plan for a usable and sorely needed philosophy of ethical reconciliation. Such a philosophy will, he said, recur to first principles. It will be at bottom as simple as the Sermon on the Mount. It will have the living of the good life as its center. It will rise above parties, sects, and mass producers. It will distinguish between money getting and wealth creating, between honor and expediency, between obligation and right. It will be planful. It will hold that anarchy and justice are incompatibles. It will indicate the limits of order and individuality. "In sum," he concluded, "it will return after two thousand years to the beginning made by Aristotle, who in moments of doubts and despair continued to proclaim himself a disciple of Plato, and it will make use of science as its weapon of conquest."

An intellectual (we repeat) does not believe that intelligence is sufficient unto itself, as so many American thinkers, rightly outraged by the shamelessly anti-intellectual tendencies and "testimonies" of the moment, are practically driven into believing. We undoubtedly do have more than enough brain power in this country today; but brain power out of hand, unchecked by faculties and unsubordinated to values indispensable to the creation of humane civilizations and well-rounded men, is more to be feared in its presence than in its absence. Eminent and altogether sincere intellectuals of science like P. W. Bridgman darken counsel when they severely restrict Truth to the truths of correspondence, and see intellectual integrity almost solely in terms of scientific investigation and laboratory "retreats."

"It is no exaggeration to say that pure science is high religion incarnate." Taking as his text this statement from Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* (how times and Walter Lippmann have changed), Santayana exposed the confusion contained therein: "What does this mean? . . . But such ultimate reaches of contemplation lie at the antipodes to a preface to morals: they form rather an epilogue to all possible moralities and all possible religions. . . . Far from guiding human morality, these ultimate insights are in danger of subverting it. Your pure mathematician, like your pure musician, in all the residue of his mind, may be irritable, lecherous, and half-idiotic; your superior monster may be intellectually quite scientific and impersonal, and may publicly exhibit himself with composure, saying: That is *how* I am: such is my psychology. For this reason

prudent churches are compelled to denounce as diabolical all 'high religion' not founded on their orthodox creed and morality." Truly, Hitler is making Christians of us all.

What American intellectuals lack is brain courage, brain humility, brain insight. As Mr. Justice Holmes once noted, we need more instruction in the obvious rather than more investigation into the obscure and uncharted. When the intelligence guides, instead of ruling tyrannically or spinning gossamer webs in literary crannies, it serves as a kind of old line insurance against irrational enthusiasms, the sophistries of rationalism, and flat error.

An intellectual believes that a great many determinisms—political, economic, and social—are historical facts; but he also knows that ever-present forces and pressures usually emerge as determinisms because potential men either cravenly or mistakenly refuse to fight against the infirmities and temptations of the flesh prior to their becoming epidemic. If we are told often enough (and on high enough authority), as we have been up until just recently, that we must choose between Fascism and Communism, we come in time to feel that there really is no final escape from these capital-punishment alternatives. And after a while we go far beyond mere resignation: we start zealously advocating Fascism or Communism. At this stage of affairs our liberties are not taken away; they are joyously, evangelically trampled in the dust. All of the higher theorizing is *still* against the freedom of the will; but its practice will never cease until all human experience is neglected and all civilized aspiration is denied.

KAREL CAPEK

CLARENCE A. MANNING

IN THE DEATH of Karel Capek two years ago at the early age of forty-eight, the Czechs lost their outstanding man of letters. His plays, especially *R. U. R.*, have been produced successfully in nearly every country. Three of them, *R. U. R.*, *The Insect Comedy*, and *The Makropoulos Secret*, have been on Broadway. His novels have been translated. His death is a real loss to humanity, and today the Nazi rulers of Prague are doing everything possible to blot out his memory. They have forbidden the sale of his works and they allow no mention made of his activity even in the few scanty reports and articles on Czech literature that they allow to be published.

Yet there is a bitter irony in his career, and that irony has barred in his success a real appreciation of the ideas for which the man stood and for which he worked. Capek was a philosophical melodramatist and that is an unfortunate mixture. People who went to the theater and read his works for the melodrama were bored by the philosophy. Those who sought to learn his philosophy were carried away by the melodrama, and their more primitive emotions kept them from marking what he was trying to say. Now and then he let himself go as a philosopher and thinker, but even then all were seeking the melodrama.

What was his idea? It can be summed up in a simple phrase, man is man. It makes no difference what inventions man creates, it makes no difference what ideas he develops to aid life and to make it livable. Man is man and that old promise that man must live in the sweat of his brow is an inexorable rule of nature that he transgresses at his peril. It is a cynical idea to many of us, but to him it was an axiom and he believed that in the light of it we must study the whole path of human history and all predictions as to the future of humanity.

In the prefaces of his works, he sought again and again to prove that he was not cynical, that he was merely human. No one believed him. Thus in *The Makropoulos Secret*, where he represents the horrible fate of the talented Elena Makropoulos who has been gifted with eternal youth for three hundred years and who has seen lovers

come and go, children born and die, until she has acquired a technical proficiency in love and an empty heart, he writes: "I do not know whether it is optimistic to assert that to live sixty years is boring but to live three hundred years is good; I think that to proclaim a life of (approximately) sixty years as a moderate and satisfactory good life is not the most venomous pessimism. Let us grant that in the future there will be neither sickness, poverty, nor evil, and that this is optimistic; but if we say that this present life, full of sickness, poverty and evil, is not so terribly evil and has something of indescribable value,—that is something of its own—is that real pessimism? I think not."

The favorite theme of Karel Capek was the disastrous results of some great invention that was to revolutionize the world and to save mankind from the need of laboring like human beings. Surely that is a worthy goal, for we all know that mankind for centuries has been seeking some means of living without that horrible toil that seems to be connected with the comforts of life. Every new ideal, every new invention, proclaims aloud that its object is to help mankind. Every political thinker, every democrat, every dictator, is out to help humanity or at least his own people. Hope springs eternal. On the very day when his death was announced, the scientists of the United States were planning a court of wisdom to allow the superman to master the apeman and to keep inventions from destroying the world and plunging us back to barbarism.

They can learn from Karel Capek. He tried nearly everything. He created the robots in *R. U. R.* These are machines in human form which can do all the work of the world. They succeed brilliantly, but for motives of economy it is necessary to make them feel pain in order to warn them of danger. They are given other human characteristics and finally love. It only generates hate, and they finally wipe out the human race which created them. They did not need to do it, for long before they rose in their last revolt weeks were passing when not a single child was being born in Europe. Today demographers tell us that not one of the highly civilized nations of the world is reproducing itself except those that have reverted to the rule of force. Up to the last minute the robots themselves face extermination, for they have lost the secret of their own manufacture.

The Revolt of the Salamanders gives us the same lesson with nature, for the trained animals themselves reproduce and menace humanity, and again a kindly (or is it a malign?) fate interferes. Humanity is saved, but culture pays the price and man becomes as he was in the beginning: a simple, kindly being making his living in the sweat of his brow and able to enjoy the simple pleasures and delights that a kindly nature offers as a rest from toil.

So, too, in *The Factory of the Absolute*. Scientists are planning today to delve into the mysteries of the atom and to use the power that is locked up within its nucleus to offer rest and ease to a weary world. Karel Capek assumes that the problem is solved and that a simple machine is devised to do the work. Mr. G. H. Bondy organizes a company to exploit it. In quick succession he employs all the devices of the supersalesman and supermanufacturer to achieve his goal. His success is phenomenal. Life becomes easy as never before. But man is still with us. All who touch the machine are so overawed by its power that the struggles of life become petty and all seem to become philanthropic, charitable, mystical, almost religious. Why is this? Mankind brings out all of its past delusions and prejudices. Catholics, Protestants, and Freethinkers, all see in it the glorification and the proof of their beliefs, and so they argue their different points of view until they come to blows. Blows lead to wars; soon Bohemia and Prussia, Saxony, Poland, and Sweden revert to their age-old roles in the cockpit of Europe; and in their struggle everything is destroyed. Only a handful of simple agriculturists, men who work with their hands and are not interested in the great reforms of the period, are left. On some forgotten field they meet and resolve that henceforth they will live like human beings, abjure the machine, and act like brothers.

The White Plague, too, preaches the same lesson, for there again the healing medicine which alone can save human life from bloodshed and from war is lost amid the frenzy of conflicting mobs and dictators and interests. The hopes of a civilization are blasted; the dreams of the idealist are shattered. Life continues to exist.

The objective picture of it all is *The Insect Comedy*, which Karel Capek wrote in conjunction with his brother Joseph. Between the vagabond who has never worked but lived and the pedant who has

always studied and never lived, there is little to choose. The insects supply all the human emotions from the greed of the dung beetle and the bloodsucking of the parasite to the mad imperialism of the regimented ants who struggle with all the frenzy of disciplined totalitarians for the highway between two blades of grass. What a pitiable commentary on the ambitions and bloodlust of dictators and of conquerors! Only life goes on with the peasant girl bringing a newborn child to baptism.

Yes, the philosophy of Karel Capek is not one that thrills an ambitious civilization. It springs out of the peasant soil, out of the quiet country routine where birth and death, springtime and winter, roll on in a never-ending cycle. It is not a philosophy of pessimism or of cynicism. It is a frank acceptance of the fact that human beings are human beings and that the same virtues and vices that exist today have always existed and always will. Man can find happiness within those limits, if he wishes. He can find only defeat and frustration outside them.

In his serious writings Karel Capek taught the same lesson. He always refused to come to America, for he alleged that he would be devoured by the machine, that Frankenstein that had made civilization possible and was hurrying it to a nameless grave; and he did not realize or proclaim the fact that the Frankenstein was nearer home and that it was the American type of machine use that alone could save the life that he admired. He went to England, and in his letters and sketches from there and from other countries which he visited, he always drew the same lesson. He sought for human beings who were human, and he loved them. He avoided everything that seemed too grandiose to be human, too gigantic to be good.

Yet among the thousands of people who witnessed the performances of his plays, very few caught the lesson, because he was a master of the melodrama. No modern author has known with more unerring skill to catch the essential features of the well-built play, to know how much human feelings can stand, how far suspense is to be pushed.

In the whole field of modern drama, there is no more melodramatic scene than that in *The Makropoulos Secret*, where the celebrated singer, Emilia Marty, enters the law-office of Dr. Kolenaty and with sublime naïveté interferes in the celebrated Gregor case

which has been in litigation for over a century. In the most offhand manner she divulges all the essential information about the will of the first Gregor who has died a century before. The lawyers are aghast. They cannot understand how a stranger could be so familiar with the papers and habits of old Pepi Gregor. Step by step the tangle thickens, until even the lawyers are convinced that Emilia Marty is Elliam MacGregor, the mother of the original claimant, and that she is really Elena Makropoulos, born in 1585, the daughter of a Greek magician, resident on the Hradcany Castle Hill of Prague, and endowed by him with youth for three hundred years.

Melodrama, melodrama, melodrama. Take *R. U. R.* and all those lurid scenes where the robots rise in revolt, where they break into the house of their master creator, and slay all the human beings. The ending where the advanced robots learn that they have souls is sentimental, for here as so often Karel Capek at the end of a piece missed his cue. He could have saved humanity by picturing the last mortals cowering in terror as the final doom strikes the machinelike robots. He could have left the scene empty and given a desolate earth as the last robot ceased to function. Perhaps he did have some dream of showing how even the robots (proletarians?) could become men, but the only judgment that he received for the work was the reputation of sentimentalism.

The only criticism that was ever valid of his work was made of those scenes where he sought to make clear his philosophy and he nearly always did. There is the boring scene of the debate in *The Makropoulos Secret* on the value of eternal youth, a scene where the philosopher and the melodramatist come into conflict. That was the weakness of the man, for he sought to rise above the successful dramatist and to give a message to humanity at a time when all were hanging breathlessly on the progress of the action.

Yet it was typical of him. It was typical of his thought for himself and for his country. He was a writer of a small nation, and he had no desire to see it become big. He penned his opinion in this whimsical way: "Suppose a melancholy beaver asked the question, 'Is it worth while being a beaver since there are so few beavers, less numerous than mice or horses?'" The true beaver does not ask himself whether there is any sense in the fact of his being a beaver.

Rather: 'How can I best make full use of my opportunities, seeing that I am already in existence?' "

This passage sets the key to the opinion of Karel Capek on Czechoslovakia. It was in existence. It was a small country. It seemed to him to be composed of simple, honest agriculturists, men who were far removed from all the aspirations of greatness and of power. It seemed to him that President Masaryk incarnated those qualities, and he diligently sought to write them up. Critics may complain that there was much in Prague that did not bear out his beliefs and his ideas. It made no difference to him. He was a Czech, and as the beaver should be a beaver, so he who came into existence as a Czech should remain the same.

Then came the crash. President Masaryk died. The machine of Germany moved in and threatened the state. The constitution was changed. A new system of efficiency was proclaimed. New ideas came into power. Even before the final catastrophe, Karel Capek felt that his work was done. In a new and more brutal state, he could not play with his imagination over all the problems of human life and human destiny. Power had taken the place of faith and wistful longing, and we may well believe that he died as much of a broken heart as he did of some specific disease, fortunately before the final occupation of Prague.

He died at a time when minds everywhere throughout the world were becoming apprehensive of a breakdown of human society. The very slogans that he had uttered in his plays and in his stories are now expressed in political speeches by the leaders of a dozen countries. The time for imaginative cataclysms, for astounding inventions, for theoretical upheavals, is passed, as the world moves onward to a day when even his robots will be surpassed in actuality. The world is moving to the time when his slogans in real life are stirring men by the millions to battle and to contest.

He lived simply in a little house on the outskirts of Prague and he dreamed of all these weird and wonderful happenings. The hour came when those happenings were at the door, when his friends were out of power and scattered far and wide. He did not live to see the end, but there is more than one voice crying in fear that the end will come when nothing will be left. Perhaps they are right, but

perhaps Karel Capek will be correct in the last analysis and we shall find not a blackened and a desolate earth but an earth still inhabited as it was in the beginning by simple and honest human beings who are content to behave as human beings, to live as human beings, and to earn an honest living in the sweat of their brow.

The world mourns a great master of the melodrama. A few remember the philosopher. If his dramas survive the cataclysm of the day, perhaps his confusions will be overlooked and Karel Capek will take his real place as one of the outstanding authors of the post-war period, a man who combined a deep human philosophy and understanding, a sympathy for human life as it is with a keen analytical sense of the source of the woes of the twentieth century. Perhaps he alone dared to express a message of simplification and of labor, the only means short of a miracle that can keep mankind happy and prosperous.

EXCOMMUNICATION, VIRGINIA STYLE

JOSEPH C. ROBERT

IN THE Virginia county called Isle of Wight, famous today for its Smithfield hams, the Mill Swamp Baptist Church held its regular conference on December 2, 1836. The proceedings of that winter's day included disciplinary action recorded by the clerk as follows: "Bro[.] Joseph Cofer Reported to this conference that his negro woman named Suckey was guilty of Stealing & Lying whereupon Said Suckey was excluded from the Church. Bro[.] Josiah Holleman Reported that his negro man named Jerry was guilty of drunkenness whereupon he was excluded from the Church." The emotions of Suckey and Jerry did not find their way into the official minutes, but it may be safely assumed that they were genuinely distressed by this punishment, aimed at mortifying the spirit rather than lacerating the flesh.

No isolated instance, the action of this Tidewater Baptist church was typical of the age and of the section; church minutes of the antebellum South abound with similar evidence of a well-developed mode of restraint and penalty superimposed on the legally established pattern of race control. The following essay surveys the system of church discipline as applied to the Negro members in the days of slavery. It was a system which held true in its basic outlines for all the popular churches in the South. The generalizations here are primarily based on the records of the Baptists of Virginia. By 1860 eight or nine out of every ten Negro church members of Virginia attended meetings in the plain Baptist structures of the time. In some areas there were only two religious classifications; a Negro was either a Baptist or unconverted. The more than fifty thousand colored Virginia Baptists represented one half the total enrollment of the Baptist churches in the state.

Negro membership in the Southern branches of all the popular Protestant denominations had reached sizable proportions on the eve of the Civil War. Retarded in the early Colonial period by the common belief that no Christian could be a slave, progress in converting the African was a major characteristic of the movement spon-

sored by Whitefield, Edwards, and other leaders in the mid-eighteenth-century movement known as the Great Awakening. Thousands of upland Negroes professed religion in the cyclonic revivals about the year 1800, an emotional storm which induced strange bodily contortions and left in its wake the less transient institution of the camp meeting. There were notable gains when the clergy and laity, unshackled from Northern abolitionism by the schisms of the 1840's and 1850's, subscribed to the proslavery thesis and sought Negro converts to prove that slavery was a salutary means of bringing the African heathen to the Christian religion with its promise of eternal salvation. Baptists and Methodists led all other denominations in Negro membership. By 1860 Southern Baptists claimed perhaps 350,000 colored members, the Southern Methodists about 210,000. Many Negroes earlier won by Presbyterians and Episcopalians deserted these churches for the more ebullient exercises of the Baptists and Methodists. The followers of Wesley proselyted with ingenuity and success over a large part of the South, capitalizing, especially in South Carolina, on a chain of plantation missions, monument to the energy of Bishop William Capers. Yet, in the South as a whole, they could not match the Baptists, who won the colored with a happy formula: a dramatic baptismal ceremony, emotional sermons, a comparatively generous policy of self-expression for all members, and, in some areas, an advanced program of special services and even separate congregations for the Negroes.

Most of the colored Baptists in the Old Dominion claimed membership in congregations made up of both white and black members, but almost eleven thousand, one out of every five, belonged to the score of "African" Baptist churches, institutions for the exclusive use of the Negroes, both slave and free, but usually dominated by the free Negro group. The African churches enjoyed a maximum amount of autonomy before the Southampton Insurrection; later they were subjected to closer regulation and were required to have white pastors. The important African Baptist churches were characteristically urban ventures; Richmond, Petersburg, and Norfolk were centers of the independent church movement. Two or three of the churches claimed eighteenth-century origin; most were formed in the 1840's and 1850's, offshoots from overcrowded churches of the usual mixed variety. The largest of the independent churches was the

First African Church of Richmond, constituted in 1841 from the colored membership of the old First Baptist, and numbering some thirty-two hundred initiates by 1860. For twenty-four years its pastor was Dr. Robert Ryland, first president of Richmond College, a man tactful, wise, and deeply religious. A supervising committee of eighteen discreet whites constituted a sort of supreme court of appeal, but the active administration was carried on by a board of thirty colored deacons, described by Dr. Ryland as "an intelligent, godly, and highly respected body of men." The congregation of factory hands, mechanics, draymen, and domestics raised the sum of five thousand dollars toward the purchase price of the church building, and, through their weekly penny collections, paid their pastor an annual salary of five hundred dollars.

The independent African church movement, most imposing in the Baptist denomination, excited considerable interest and some imitation among the people of other faiths. The Methodists organized several African Methodist churches, including one in Richmond, dedicated with elaborate ceremony in 1855. The Presbyterians, although making experiments elsewhere, appear to have neglected this type of organization in Virginia, as did the Episcopalians. Yet the Episcopalians were debating the possible advantages of segregation. To the 1860 convention in the Diocese of Virginia there was presented an unsuccessful proposal for "the formation of the people of color into a separate and distinct congregation," to be assisted by the whites in matters of "admission, supervision and discipline."

In the typical Baptist church master and servant classes worshiped together. Not infrequently the Tidewater congregations numbered more colored than white communicants. The Negroes were received, as were the whites, by confession of faith and baptism, or by church letter; they were "given the right hand of fellowship"; they gathered with the whites around the communion table; they were, in many instances, given the courtesy titles "Brother" and "Sister" in church matters; and, if in good standing, they were dismissed by letter, whether being sold South or moving with their masters. In recognition of their special status the Negroes were restricted to a designated portion of the church, a gallery or an assigned fraction of the ground floor pews, and, in all but the rarest churches, were disqualified, together with the white sisters, from voting on general

questions. The colored members of some congregations took pride in making their modest contributions for current expenses and foreign missions.

In the days before the insurrection instigated by Nat Turner, whom many Virginians believed to be a Baptist preacher, Negro "exhorters" were allowed to exercise their gifts just about as they pleased, sometimes to the shame of the church. According to an official statement from the Brewington [*sic*] congregation in 1826,

It is understood, to the mortification of all the lovers of truth and good order, that at the meetings held by coloured members for funerals, &c. that much disorder has arisen among them, by competition among their preachers, as to whose privilege it is to preach, &c. and moreover, that vicious characters attend the meetings for the purpose of selling and drinking spiritous liquors, by which many are made drunk, and quarrels ensue. As they pass under the name of Baptist preachers, the reproach of such disorders falls, more or less, upon the Baptist cause.

To offset such charlatans were many pious and faithful leaders. A rare colored member in the freer days before the restrictive statutes of 1832 might be encouraged to preach not only among his own people but before the entire church. Negro preachers heard with attention and appreciation by the whites included William Lemon of Gloucester, Uncle Jack of Nottoway County, and Josiah Bishop, for a time pastor of the mixed Portsmouth Baptist Church. Probably none of the Baptist preachers equaled in power and learning the famous colored Presbyterian preacher and teacher, John Chavis, who among his unusual attainments could qualify as an alumnus of Washington Academy, now Washington and Lee University, having been allowed to attend classes at the Lexington institution.

As the Baptists themselves admitted, in frank self-criticism, their energy in the spiritual education of the Negroes was far short of ideal. Carefully drawn recommendations before the annual regional associations might be followed by a year of fractionally fulfilled obligations. It pained some critics to observe that churchgoing mistresses too often assigned household servants duties which kept them from Sabbath worship. To correct this particular evil the white members of the Mattaponi Church in 1849 passed a self-denying ordinance to the effect that they would "dispense with warm dinners on the Lord's day." In theory, at least, the colored initiates of this one institution

could no longer plead home labor as an excuse for absence. Once arrived at church and in their assigned places, they were often mystified by a sermon which passed over their heads. Only the more conscientious congregations arranged supplementary talks to the colored, properly keyed to the understanding of the simple and unlettered people. Sometimes the separate meetings, at which they were charged "respecting their duty to their God, to the church, and to their owners," to use the phraseology of the Black Creek church minutes of 1841, were dismal failures, boring the Negroes and embarrassing the supervising whites. At other times some gifted man, known in rude circles as a good "nigger preacher," would measure his audience and present a happy combination of plain truths and contagious enthusiasm. When their distinctive needs were ignored, the Negroes were, according to a candid report made by a committee to the Rappahannock Baptist Association in 1850, "generally found out of the house while preaching is going on, collected in crowds in the yard, at the spring or in the woods, engaged in trading in fruits, cakes, tobacco, and very many times in ardent spirits."

A few Piedmont slaveowners who possessed both financial means and religious inclinations assured satisfactory sermons by building plantation chapels and employing regular preachers, on an annual basis. It is said that John Hartwell Cocke, the Fluvanna County reformer, antiliquor, antitobacco, and philosophically antislavery, was the first in his part of Virginia to build a plantation church. The unpredictable John Randolph of Roanoke constructed a chapel for his servants, employed the popular Baptist preacher, the Reverend Abner Clopton, as its regular minister, and, when he felt so disposed, rounded out the services with an exhortation of his own. Masters who did not erect a special building might hold services in the "big house." For example, Captain M. B. Carrington of Cumberland County, himself an Episcopalian, regularly engaged a Baptist minister, the Reverend W. C. Hall, to conduct services for the slaves in his parlor. But special plantation exercises under regular ministers were exceptional in Virginia. Most planters did not feel it their duty to provide opportunities beyond those offered by the regular neighborhood churches, which might or might not be within convenient distance of the plantation. It is obvious that in the few plantation-

sponsored institutions church discipline normally could not be distinguished from plantation rule.

In common with other denominations of the time, the Baptist Church in the ante-bellum period constantly kept under survey the behavior of its members and undertook to regulate their conduct by specific injunction and by church trials which purged the rolls of the unworthy. Puritanism was no New England monopoly. The churches attempted to control not only the matter of doctrine, but the minutiae of social life, from time to time condemning such habits as shooting marbles, dancing, fiddle playing, and the wearing of vain ornaments. The congregations took strong measures against drunkenness and sexual promiscuity. Almost any variation from the commonly accepted standard of behavior might provoke an accusation of disorderly or unchristian conduct. Rules prohibited quarreling, litigation between fellow members without church consent, the evasion of just debts, especially by taking advantage of the statute of limitations in order to circumvent legal collection. An important function of the church was to serve as a jury in the settlement of difficulties among its members, whether boundary disputes, differences between employer and overseer, or family arguments.

Although the extent of the regulations and the temper of enforcement varied from one congregation to another because of the decentralization and popular control inherent in the organization of the Baptist denomination, the church as an institution may be said to have assumed jurisdiction over a wide field of human activity which today is left to the discretion of the individual or to the statutes and courts of the state.

Applied to the white members, this scheme of church discipline was one thing; the white man was tried by a jury of his peers. Applied to the colored members, the institution of church discipline was a somewhat different matter. It was perhaps inevitable that in the mixed churches, within a framework of operation developed with no conscious design of dictating the behavior of the subject race, the whites found themselves exercising their customary and superior roles. The system of church rule in sundry ways modified the theoretically simple formula of master over slave. Into that relationship was introduced a determinant which might be described as public opinion of a sort. At any rate, a small group participated in the dis-

cipline, wielding a social pressure which characteristically restrained and tranquilized the slave, and sometimes avowedly strengthened the position of the master. Less obviously, but no less certainly, the master who shared his disciplinary problems with the church tempered his household and plantation rule with benevolence. Any untoward event might unexpectedly be resurrected in the midst of an ecclesiastical review of a slave's behavior.

In some mixed churches the primary duty of keeping order among the Negro members was delegated to special committees of whites or to groups of colored deacons, the last-named selected for their loyalty, piety, and prestige among their race. A single respected Negro might be chosen by the church to exercise supervisory control over a group of slaves and freemen living some distance from the body of the congregation. For example, in 1830, Moore's Swamp Baptist Church selected Collin, a slave, "to overlook the general deportment of those Brethren & Sisters" who lived about him and to report to the church, which could then exercise discipline where such was needed. But the colored deacon did not always lead an entirely blameless life himself. Witness the case of one George Lee, who was appointed a deacon in the Mattaponi Baptist Church "to keep up good order and discipline among the coloured members" and who was later admonished by the white pastor for "improper treatment of his wife."

Sometimes the colored congregation as a whole was given a voice, though never final decision, in cases of discipline. A diplomatic white committee, instructing and exercising discipline among the colored people, might ask for the advice and consent of the Negroes. There is some evidence that the Negroes were prone to be more severe on their own color than were the whites. For example, when the colored members of the Modest Town Church met, June 27, 1857, they voted unanimously for the exclusion of a wayward brother, Nathan Finsey, reported as having been drunk. On the other hand, the supervisory whites, five in number, reversed the decision by voting for his pardon. In those churches accepting the practice, the scheme of modified home rule for the colored appears to have operated well, and by 1860 there were attempts to make the plan more general. For example, the Rappahannock Association of 1860 suggested "in trying offences and making exclusions, that the colored members be

encouraged and required to take the lead." In matters of discipline the African churches were virtually autonomous, after as well as before the restrictive legislation of 1832. For reasons of caution or conviction, the independent congregations patterned their rules and verdicts on those prevailing in the surrounding white and mixed churches.

Action might be brought against a slave by one of the special bodies already mentioned, white committee or colored deacons, or by some private member in regular conference. Slaves appeared and presented charges one against another. On February 29, 1828, Ruffin's Darby assumed a role of importance before the Mill Swamp conference much to the discomfort of two members of the Binns establishment. According to the record of that day,

Binn[s]'s Mike being charged with drunkenness and other disorderly conduct, which charge was communicated to this conference by Ruffin's Darby, a member of this church, his case was taken up and after some debate, he was unanimously expelled.

Binns's Cherry being charged with fornication which information was received by sd. Ruffin[']'s Darby, her case was taken up and she was unanimously expelled.

It was heady wine to offer people otherwise condemned to public passiveness, and some colored members not unnaturally lost their balance. The very human weakness for display and vengeance caused an airing of trivial feuds generated in the Negro quarters. Indeed, the opportunity for open denunciation might have degenerated into a sequence of petty tattlings had it not been for the rule that false talebearing brought its own punishment. A rare Virginia planter, who made no pretense of accepting the dictum of the evangelical churches in the field of social manners, might forbid his slaves from bringing certain matters before the conference. He would have found a kindred spirit some hundreds of miles southward in the person of James H. Hammond, South Carolinian, who recorded as a plantation rule: "Church members are privileged to dance on all holyday occasions; and the class-leader or deacon who may report them shall be reprimanded or punished at the discretion of the master."

Slaveowners, as church members, were morally bound to report the wrongdoing of their servants who were members of their own

church. Doubtless many masters initiated church trials solely for reasons of conscience and loyalty to the church pledge; a few, one suspects, saw in the church a practical sort of rod, which subdued riotous characters untouched in spirit by physical punishment. It was perhaps the small slaveholder who most often shared with his church the disciplinary problems arising out of crop and household management. Though the evangelicals made dents in the ranks of the great slaveholders, the Black Belt aristocrats traditionally took communion in the once Established Church, which made comparatively little appeal to the Virginia slave and which, incidentally, maintained a disciplinary system notable only for its feeble and spasmodic functioning.

Although there was no absolutely uniform pattern of church trial, the usual procedure was to call in witnesses and to allow the accused to testify in his own defense. On the other hand, if the church was offered at the time of accusation indisputable proof of guilt, the offending member was sometimes excluded without more ado. A trial might be carried on before a committee appointed to investigate, or before the conference itself. In the presentation of evidence, the testimony of all persons with information, white or black, slave or free, church member or non-church member, was admitted. In slave trials the evidence and opinion of the master carried special weight; as a character witness, he was heard with strictest attention. If the master was a member of the church, he was present at the time of the indictment and could readily give information. If he was not a member of the church engaged in the trial of the Negro, he might be approached by investigating commissioners. Note the case of William, slave member of Zion Church in Orange County, whose trial was suspended for several months in the year 1857 until a report on his character could be obtained from his master, Colonel Willis. A committee from Mill Swamp Church, on October 6, 1860, was authorized to inquire of Sister Holleman respecting the conduct of her servant Dawson, a member of that church. Absolutely dependent on the will of the master for effective trials were those churches which held their regular conferences on Saturday. Captain Lawrence's Jenkins, member of the Black Creek Church, was accused at the December, 1809, conference of fighting, lying, and stealing, but Jenkins was absent and had presumably sent

word that he was detained by plantation duties. A committee of the church successfully requested the slave's master to allow attendance at the next conference, on which occasion the culprit was excommunicated. When expelling slaves belonging to a master outside the church, the conference was likely to show its sense of responsibility by informing the owner of the disciplinary action and the reasons for such.

The punishment meted out by the church ranged from soft admonishment to absolute exclusion, or "excommunication" as the penalty was described in many of the Baptist records. In the last of the eighteenth century there was a middle-ground punishment; the erring member was taken "under dealings," meaning he was put on probation. To a large part of the Negro church members the extreme penalty, the spiritual isolation of an essentially social soul, was an awful fate, a rare torture. At a time when the loss of church membership brought unmitigated social disgrace, and when church affiliation was uniformly regarded by the communicant as essential to exemption from a damned hereafter, only the most rebellious went unmoved if threatened with ecclesiastical thunderbolts of the maximum caliber.

Before an inquiring church, the slave accused of unchristian conduct sometimes pleaded guilty, expressed sorrow, and made promises of improvement, all done so convincingly that a light reprimand might constitute his sole punishment. For example, on June 22, 1798, Captain Simon's Daniel, a member of the Black Creek Church, was charged with "unlocking his Masters crib in de[a]d of night and attempting to take Corn." At the subsequent November 23 meeting, Daniel so humbly acknowledged his error that the church expressed satisfaction and took no further steps. In June, 1812, Uriah, another slave member of the Black Creek Church, was accused of taking another man's wife. A proper tone of penitence and an avowal of a prayer for forgiveness caused the church to soften and to hold him in fellowship. Less usual was the behavior of sturdy Sillah, Negro wench, who appeared before Moore's Swamp Church conference on September 13, 1828, brazenly unrepentant after she had been guilty of "drunken[n]ess, indecent language, strip[p]ing her self entirely naked and in public view of sundry persons, both

male & female." It is not strange that she was promptly expelled from the church.

Once excluded, the black member, like his white brother, might apply for readmission. If he reformed and lived soberly and orderly, he stood an excellent chance of regaining his membership. Suspicious of sudden changes of heart, the church normally required an extended probationary period of good behavior as proof of repentance. When considering readmission the congregation sought authoritative testimony as to the sincerity and consistency of the reformation, and at times turned to the slave's master. For example, when Robert, once member of the Mattaponi Church, asked for readmission, November 9, 1844, the question was held over until Brother Courtney, the owner, could be consulted. The arrangement received official sanction in Tidewater Virginia when the Rappahannock Association at its 1860 meeting adopted the following resolution: "And in making application for restoration to the church, we would suggest that the excluded should come highly recommended, not only by the colored members of the church, but in many instances, with a certificate of reformation from their masters."

Exclusive of that very broad classification, "disorderly conduct," which covered a multitude of evils, disobedience among them, the four most important charges that called for church action against Negro members were fornication, drunkenness, quarreling, and theft. In addition to these major evils, there were miscellaneous misdemeanors of all types and shades ranging from simple profanity to absconding from one's master.

Although no one sample of church action is absolutely typical, note the judgment of the Mattaponi Church on February 10, 1849. Eleven Negroes were formally excommunicated: one slave man for theft, one slave man "for general wickedness," three slave men for fornication, one slave man "for having left his wife and taken up with another woman, and for general neglect of christian duties," two slave men "for harboring a runaway," two free Negro men for "swearing &c.," one free Negro woman "for having a bastard child." In a somewhat exaggerated way, this record illustrates the point of the common assertion that a Negro's typical offense was unchastity. It is probable that much of this evil may be credited to the informal and sometimes casual nature of slave marriages, which too often left

neither party with a sense of lasting inhibition or obligation. In 1851 the Reverend H. N. McTyeire, of New Orleans, in surveying the general situation in the Southern denominations, gave as his opinion that at least two thirds of all actions calling for church discipline originated in the system of loose partnerships. The evidence in the Baptist records of Virginia, while not confirming the accuracy of the fraction, attests the justness of the emphasis on this particular type of misdemeanor. Yet the churches, while urging from time to time a ceremonial which would impress the Negroes with their duties as husbands and wives, found themselves, in a sense, condoning a transitory attitude towards the bonds of matrimony. Haltingly and painfully the churches of Virginia, a state deriving a large income from the domestic slave trade, decided to recognize as fit and decent the remarriage of a slave whose spouse had moved to a distance through no fault of the original partners.

Tolerant though the churches became with respect to remarriage when husband and wife became separated through the action of their masters, they militantly set themselves against promiscuity. In the interest of public decency and plantation serenity severe action was taken against those proved guilty of fornication. The church records are brimming with trials of this nature. At the June, 1811, conference of the Black Creek Church, there was complaint against Captain Lawrence's Dilcy "for having a child without Having any Husband as any person knows of." At the next conference Dilcy was excommunicated. In King and Queen County, at Bruington Church on February 17, 1833, "Polly a negro woman belonging to bro[.] Edwd. Fox who is charged with having taken up with a man who has another wife was excommunicated." Suggestive of the church attitude towards the marriage tie is the opinion advanced by the Dover Association in 1819 that a Baptist church might pronounce divorced a slave whose spouse had been guilty of adultery "clearly proven" and might permit the offended party to marry again.

The African churches were no less insistent on chastity than were the mixed churches. In the year 1819—this was in the era of full self-government—the Gillfield Church of Petersburg expelled a total of eighteen members: ten for adultery; three for fighting; two for running away from their masters (these runaways will be referred to later); and one each for lying, going to horse races, and using

abusive language. With the aid of his colored deacons Dr. Ryland, of the First African Church of Richmond, waged an energetic, and, in his opinion, successful fight to maintain the purity of the married state.

Incidentally, the churches were divided in their attitude towards free Negroes who lived together in common law marriage despite their legal ability to complete the normal marriage contract. Some congregations were paternally solicitous to establish the state of legal respectability. Note the action of the Black Creek Church on August 22, 1788: "Bror. Blackhead having taken a Woman for his wife in the time of his Bondage, and they both being now free, the Church's [*sic*] advice to him for his saf[e]ty &c[.] is to Comply with the form of matrimony." Action was not always this diplomatic. The Gillfield Church, made up exclusively of colored members, urged that its free members take advantage of the legal ceremony. On the other hand, many, if not most, of the churches were indulgent and allowed the free Negroes to adopt the informal attitude of the slaves, ruling however, that they remain faithful to their acknowledged partners.

The church attempted to keep down quarreling and fighting among its colored members. When, in 1832, slaves Armistead and Daniel, members of the Bruington Church and property of Miss Milly Carlton, accused each other of various crimes and exhibited "a very unchristian spirit towards each other," they were temporarily suspended from fellowship. A church sometimes took painful care to see that differences among the slaves were settled. For example, Brother John Scott of the Zion Baptist Church, Orange County, at the church conference, October, 1857, was appointed to inquire concerning and settle, if possible, a "difficulty" between two colored members belonging to the Sisters Cowherd. At the next monthly meeting Brother Scott reported that he was hoping for reconciliation. In December he announced, presumably much to the relief of the church and undoubtedly to the gratification of the Misses Cowherd, that the trouble between the two slaves "had been amicably settled."

Even before the well-organized temperance movement of the 1830's the churches condemned drunkenness in all classes and colors, and sought sobriety on the plantation and farm by warning and expelling Negroes known to be guilty of intoxication. Few churches, however, went as far as the First African Church of Richmond, which

required the total abstinence pledge of those who wished to join. Despite pointed sermons and drastic discipline, the churches could honestly claim only moderate success in their attempts to curb the use of liquor by the Negroes. As the Rappahannock Association complained in 1852, the colored too often "spend the night preceding and Lord's day morning, at the little grogery erected at almost every cross road, with a view to trade with this people. . . ."

Servants were excluded for impertinence, general insubordination, and disobedience; in a word, for rebelling against the status of a slave. The runaway, caught after hue and cry, received not only the lash from his master but a verdict of excommunication from his church. Officially the congregations of the African as well as the mixed churches recorded their abhorrence of the crime of flight. The colored Gillfield Church, dominated by free Negroes, took summary action on May 13, 1819: "Conferce. and after prayer Mr. Baugh[']s Billy was expelled for run[n]ing away from his owners—2d. Mr. Beasley's Crity was expelled for run[n]ing away from her owners[.]" This same congregation, almost three years later, showed a brave sense of discrimination when considering two other runaways.

Feb'y. [1822:]

Conferce. opened by prayer—after which there was a complaint brought in against Bro: Alick at Mrs. Blands—whereupon he was expelled for eloping from his owners.

It was stated to this church that Sister Betty Hunt the Supposed property of Mr. Hides[?] had eloped from him, but that she was intitled [*sic*] to her freedom and that it was in pursuit of that rights she went away[.] Therefore as the law having handled the matter—this church has thought proper to have nothing to do with it[.]

Slave and free who harbored the runaway were, on discovery, likewise cut off from communion. Although the direct effects may seem at first glance as pointless as shutting the stable door after the flight of the horse, the Virginia churches issued the ban of excommunication against the slaves who left their homes and masters to join the Yankees during the Civil War. It is possible, however, that the prospect of falling under a like verdict caused those contemplating similar deeds to hesitate. The Ashcamp Church did not change its notion as to the nature of the crime of running away even after the fall of the

Confederacy. Note the crescendo of the following extract from the Ashcamp records dated May 28, 1865:

Charles formerly belonging to Thos. Davenport having been caught in the possession of a hog stolen from Sister M. C. Gaulding was Excommunicated[.]

Monford formerly belonging to M. S. Hurt have left his home and gone to the Yankees about the time of the surrender of Genl. R. E. Lee's army was unanimously Excommunicated[.]

In general, the churches had a tempering influence on relations between the two races. They tried to steer between tyranny on the one hand and insubordination on the other. In 1813 the Dover Association, in answering a query as to unreasonable chastisement of servants, refused to lay down a specific rule but observed that the constituent churches should do with masters improperly punishing servants "as they would with offenders of other crimes." One of the rare occasions when a master was charged before his church with cruelty to slaves occurred in 1802. The root of the affair was a land dispute between two of the Mill Swamp Baptist brothers, who soon brought charges and countercharges unrelated to the original cause of friction. Brother Taylor accused Brother Boyce of several misdemeanors, among them "It[.] Wm. Boyce exercises uncommon cruelties to his Slaves to wit, Seven or eight clubs at a time under his bed with which he beat them. . . ." Brother Taylor was then charged with "too frequent use of spirituous Liquors" and "also amusing himself in the nighttime with the sound of the violin. . . ." Brother Boyce, of the alleged clubs, was adjudged falsely accused. Brother Taylor, of the violin and liquor, was excommunicated. Less complicated was the trial in 1847 at the Mount Hermon Church in which the congregation excluded a prominent woman proved guilty of cruelly whipping a Negro. Incidents from the minutes of the Mill Swamp Church are suggestive of ante-bellum racial attitudes. After the Southampton Insurrection the Mill Swamp Church advocated forgetting the hatreds engendered by the outbreak and, disgusted with the continued resentment which ten whites bore the Negro members, it handed the white brethren their letters, declaring it would no longer be responsible for their conduct, since they did not "fellowship" the colored members. On the other hand, this

same church a few years later exercised a notable degree of tolerance when a white member confessed an adventure involving poor aim and a nagging conscience. In the words of the recording clerk, "Bro[.] William Little Reported that he had been guilty of Shooting at a negro and after the circumstances were Related by himself and his ac[k]no[w]ledging to be Sorry for So doing it was Looked over by the Church—"

Although the scheme of church discipline was not planned as a mechanism for controlling the Negro, its cumulative effect when applied to the subject race was to strengthen the hand of the master class. In the trial of a slave special recognition was given to the master's opinion as to the character and conduct of the slave; the ultimate authority in the mixed congregations always rested with the white members. The church insisted that the slave remain faithful to his acknowledged spouse, be peaceful, sober, obedient, and entertain no notions of flight. In accepting the injunctions of the church, enforced by threat of excommunication, the Negro became a more valuable servant. The result was a by-product of ante-bellum church life, but loses none of its significance by virtue of its being an incident rather than a design in ecclesiastical administration. The story of church discipline as applied to Negroes is testimony to the complicated pattern of ante-bellum Southern society.

STYLE AND THE MAN

HENRY ALONZO MYERS

IF THE function of philosophy is to reconcile opposites and apparent contradictions, the art and letters of our time have need of a philosophy of style that will unite the ancient doctrine that art is an imitation of nature with the newer dogma that style is nothing more than self-expression. The Greeks, whose chief interests were nature and the building up of a common and communicable world of experience, were consistent in viewing art as primarily an imitation of nature; the poet and the artist of the modern world, who fix their attention on the inner self rather than on the outer world, are equally consistent in clinging to the principle of self-expression. Unfortunate for us, however, are the results of such consistency. It has made a division between creative and academic minds foolishly welcomed by both—by the artists, who view it as a separation between the quick and the dead; by the scholars, who see in it the distinction between sanity and eccentricity. If in the contemporary world we have much expressionism and much pseudoclassicism and very little of the grand style, is it not likely that this is a result of the separation of man from nature, of the failure to find a critical meetinghouse agreeable alike to the scholastic and the Bohemian?

The truth is, and always has been, that pure imitation of nature and pure expressionism are extremes equally distant from true style. Aristotle, the latest of the great Greeks, understood by imitation a creative interpretation of nature. In this way he found man and nature united in true style. The proper mean between the extreme theories of style is easily reached from either side. It is reached, in following the Greek point of view, by permitting creative interpretation to take the place of slavish imitation and, in extending the modern dictum, by realizing that the only self worthy of expression is one that has taken much of the world into itself in the form of experience. Pure imitation of nature or of the past results only in pseudoclassicism; pure self-expression results only in the vagaries of expressionism; the grand style unites subject and object, man and nature, point of view and world, into one harmonious whole.

But, although the proper mean between extremes may be reached from either side—either by showing that imitation must involve self-expression by becoming creative interpretation or by showing that self-expression must involve nature and the communicable world in the form of experience—it is a fitting concession to the modern spirit to start the search for the golden mean by taking as a point of attack the accepted dogma that the style is the man. For the famous aphorism of Buffon which has become the epitome of modern theory of style—"Ces choses sont hors de l'homme, le style est l'homme même"—should be taken as the starting point rather than as the destination of any search into the meaning of style. If style is the man, what is the man? Only by answering this question pointedly can we avoid the vicious circle of defining man as the style, style as the man—a circle which leaves us with nothing more than an apposite synonym, a poor substitute for the knowledge which we seek.

What is the man? The logician has called him a featherless biped; Aristotle saw him as a political animal; Emerson found a mission in the preaching of his infinitude; Whitman told him that he was not contained between his hat and his boots. There exists no ready-made definition which will throw light on the theory of style, for man, like the world, may be viewed from any of infinite points of view. By the man who is the style, Buffon meant the order and arrangement of thought as opposed to the "knowledge, facts, and discoveries" which make up the subject matter. The subject matter, according to Buffon, is from nature; the order and arrangement is the style imposed by the man. But this view tends to separate subject and object, man and world, style and substance, and to falsify the true situation, which is that "knowledge, facts, and discoveries" are not products of nature alone but results of the relation between man and universe, that subject matter itself springs from the union of subject and object, and that style and substance are distinguishable but inseparable aspects of art and science. Since we cannot divide man from the world in which he has his being without falling into error, we need a provisional definition that will unite man and nature. Every man is a point of view toward the world: at birth he is little more than a point of view, but experience increasingly adds the world to his personality. In the eighteenth century a Buffon could regard

man and nature as separate and independent entities. We know that man himself, considered independently as though he existed in a vacuum, is a mere abstraction; we know that the world itself, considered independently as though it were not altered by the point of view of men, is a mere abstraction. So much the age of relativity has taught us: the meaning of man lies in his relation to nature, just as the meaning of nature lies in its relation to man. As abstractions man and nature are unreal, illusions; we know them both concretely and in relation to one another, however, in experience and through the medium of style.

Let us say then that in respect to style *a man is a consistent point of view toward the world*. As the horizon of his experience widens, he becomes less and less a point of view and more a mirror of the world itself. He presents one aspect which unites him with his fellows and another which clearly distinguishes him from them; that is to say, he views the world common to all, but he views it from the unique point of view which establishes his individuality.

Style is the record of his consistent point of view toward the world, and as such it is a revelation of man and world alike. The record of a consistent point of view toward the world, therefore, is the same thing as a creative interpretation of nature; either definition points to one essential condition of style, the union of man and nature. Both definitions claim for style a union of two elements which may receive various degrees of emphasis. Some styles stress point of view and tell us more about the man than about the world; others tell us more about the world than about the man. Starting from either extreme, we come to a provisional definition of style which unites self-expression with the imitation of nature. The test of any provisional definition is its applicability, and the test of a provisional definition of style which stresses the union of man and nature is that it will explain the variations of true style by showing that these depend upon the placing of emphasis either on point of view or on the world and by showing that the defects of lack of style spring from the absence of this union, by showing that expressionism presents men without a world and that pseudoclassicism presents a world without living men.

Of the two aspects of style, point of view and world, one is

clearly related to expression, the other to communication. Men share in a common world: they are so many gates entering a common town. Because they share in a common world, communication is possible; because each has his unique point of view, it is necessary. Men must, as the ancient philosopher observed, cling to what is common to all as firmly as a city clings to its laws. Were it not that each has something unique, his own personality, there would be nothing to communicate: all would be identical, all would be common to all. As it is, in addition to the social problem of discovering what is common to all, of separating the knowledge which is common from the opinions which are private, each man has something which is his own. Style, therefore, has the double purpose of expression and communication; by means of style men come to know the world and each other.

Although there can be neither a style which presents a point of view only, unless we consider the cry of an infant as style, nor a style which represents the world absolutely, unless we are entranced by the woolly abstractions of the metaphysician, styles are clearly differentiated by the emphasis which some place on point of view and others on the world. The young and the eccentric stress point of view, for point of view is partly historical, partly biographical; in the man and in the style it is inherent rather than acquired. Historically, the man is born into a climate of opinion, and he must view the world in terms of the problems and categories of his own age; biographically, his individuality guarantees the distinctness of his own views, for he cannot, since no two can occupy the same space at the same time, have another's point of view except through the medium of style.

In style the placing of emphasis, on point of view or on the world, determines the difference between the minor and the major writer, between mannerism and the grand manner. Those who write in the grand style stress the world, helping to delineate what is common to all; those who cultivate mannerisms and self-expression stress point of view, revealing what is proper only to one. The eyes of the great are turned outward, and in their style we learn more of the world than of them; the lesser writer is concerned more with his own perspective than with the world which lies before him; his style shows more of the man than of the world. The great writer lends

us his point of view in order that we may see the world as clearly as he; the lesser writer thrusts his point of view in our way so that we come to know his point of vantage rather than the scene.

Since point of view is inherent in style, it cannot be successfully taught, and for this reason the style of the young almost invariably stresses point of view rather than the world. The reason, for example, that the lyric is peculiarly the work of the young poet is that it is the spontaneous effect of an object on a point of view—a brief emotion, mood, or thought. The mind of every man is a kind of photographic plate which is like no other. Each is peculiarly sensitive to some aspects of nature, indifferent to others. Certain words, sounds, and images affect a Poe as they affect no other; his extreme sensitivity is the source at once of the intensity and of the distortion and limitation of his style. Poe was born sensitive, and his sensitivity received its particular emotional coloring, its tendency toward morbidity, early in life. Before setting pen to paper he was destined to evidence point of view rather than to trace the outlines of things common to all. In youth the keen senses of the poet triumph over his intellect, which alone can lead him to the coasts of the world common to all; another ten years and Keats might have turned from the delights of sensuous imagery to trace the structure of actuality in the tangled web of human feelings; another ten years and Shelley, from his ethereal point of view, might have pierced through the faëry clouds of things that ought to be to the more significant outlines of things that are. Years do not always bring maturity; years are necessary, but maturity in man and style alike comes only with the change from stress on expression to stress on communication.

Although every man is a point of view toward the world, not every man is fully a man; each has his unique point of view, but few see clearly the architectonics of the great world. But although point of view is a gift over which we have no control, the greater perfection of style, the ability to reflect the essence of nature, may be acquired from experience and from acquaintance with literature. All that is best in life is social rather than private, is more of the world than of the person. Genius breeds genius by instruction and example, and great names appear in related groups: Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; Albert the Great and St. Thomas; Marlowe and Shakespeare; Descartes and Spinoza;

Wordsworth and Coleridge; Emerson and Whitman. Point of view can be either fortune or misfortune to man: it can be the gift which establishes his individuality, or it can be the original sin which dooms him to isolation unless he resorts ever and again to the baptism of communication and experience.

The problem of communication, of achieving universality in style, starts with the simple rules of punctuation, which the schoolboy wrongly views in terms of self-expression, and extends to the tragic and prophetic styles which invest a single reversal of fortune with universal meaning, as in Sophocles and Shakespeare, or dignify a political ideal with a vision of the inner world, as in Aeschylus and Whitman. The student who reaches his audience by the universally accepted rules of usage anticipates the poet who reveals a universally acceptable meaning in a tragic situation. Just as every error of spelling and punctuation limits the potential audience of an essay, increasing the amount of ambiguity in the world, so every eccentricity of point of view detracts from the universality of great literature. The great poet, like the schoolboy, must learn to prize what is common to all.

Greatness in style is precisely the ability to see that world which is actual or possible experience for all men. The great poet seems to have merged his own point of view in the perspective of his age; he seems to write absolutely as if from a universal position; he seems to know the world as it is, to grasp inner meaning through outward show. To read Poe is to know more about the man; to see a Barrie play is to see the world framed in the amalgam of satire, sentiment, and fantasy which characterize the man's point of view; to read Shakespeare, however, is to see the infinite amplitude of life, just as to read Sophocles is, as Arnold has said, to see "life steadily and see it whole."

To emphasis on point of view in style we owe variety and novelty; to emphasis on the world we owe universality and verity. From the first we have all the songs of the world, all the freshness of literature; in it the world and man are eternally reborn, and colors, sounds, and images retain forever the intensities of Spring. From the second we have the picture of the earth which outlasts the seasons, of the structure of good and evil, as in tragedy, and of the inner and outer worlds of experience, as in prophetic poetry. Yet true style

remains always a point of view toward the world. The lyric poet expresses point of view chiefly and the tragic poet for the most part mirrors the world of values, but in spite of the choice of places for emphasis within style, there is a place on the road toward either extreme, toward pure point of view or toward a formal and dead world, which cannot be passed without loss of all style, without danger to man and society. When, on the one side, style passes this place toward pure point of view, it changes from expression to expressionism; on the other side, this place marks the boundaries between the grand style and pseudoclassicism.

Among others, Croce has defended in recent times the theory of expressionism, asserting that all expression is art. There is, he says, only a quantitative difference between the cry of a baby and the works of Shakespeare. This is at once the essence and error of expressionism. The cry of a baby might be magnified quantitatively into an endless series of sesquipedalian howls without ever becoming a Shakespearean play, for there is a qualitative difference between the two which Croce does not see. The baby's cry is almost entirely point of view; the Shakespearean play is a picture of the world.

Our century has witnessed an outburst of expressionism in all arts and all forms of literature: we have seen the arts turning inward, feeding upon their own technique; we have endured the poetry which turns from the unity of myth to the isolation of psychological aberration and suffered the schoolboy literary revolts which seek to reinterpret the world by attacking the printing rules; we have seen James Joyce drown in the stream of his own consciousness while clutching at the curved ship of Ulysses, Gertrude Stein bemused by her own perceptions into a threefold affirmation of the identity of the rose, Elmer Rice searching for universal significance in the life of Mr. Zero.

Expressionism, although it seems to free the arts from old conventions, inevitably turns art into mere virtuosity, for as its concern in the great and communicable world grows less and less, its preoccupation with technique and self-consciousness grows in proportion. As it repels the world, it grows in interest for the members of its cult until it degenerates into vague exercises in the medium of painting or of verse or of the theater. Expressing its own point of view and its medium and neglecting the world common to all, it becomes

a means without an end. Despairing of ever winning the audience whose interests and unity it scorns, it remains the amusement of schools of painters and poets and little theater dramatists. Sophocles and Shakespeare likewise stressed the medium of their art, but they viewed that medium as a means to an end—the record of a point of view toward the world.

Falling short of the sanity and balance of style, expressionism finally isolates individuals in private worlds, disintegrating first society and then personality. Society, the blended shadow of individuals, truly exists only where there is a world common to all; personality can be fulfilled only by experiencing that world toward which it is a point of view. The figures of expressionism are abstractions, men without shadows; their eyes are turned inward and feed only on dreams. Inner conflict and introspection are the pathological qualities of expressionism; its fugacious dreams, its distortions, its abstractions, and its emphasis on the means are in contrast to the sunlight, the structural validity, the concreteness, and the subordination of means to end that mark true style. If style is the man who mirrors reality from a point of view, expressionism is the man who is a point of view only, who is wholly contained between his hat and his boots.

Just as style may, in tending toward pure point of view, degenerate into expressionism, so it may, in searching for an absolute picture of the world, decline into pseudoclassicism. If expressionists follow the misguided theory that expression is the only function of style, the pseudoclassicists move on the equally false assumption that the grand style is free from point of view; thus the pseudoclassicist mistakes accidents of point of view for the essence of nature. Because he admires the grand style of Aeschylus and Sophocles, he imagines that every convention of their tragedies is dictated by the very permanent element of the world itself. In truth many of them are dictated by the necessities of historical position. The famous unities of time and place have no deeper metaphysical significance than that they are best suited to a drama with a chorus and a theater without a curtain. In the same manner the traditional scene in front of a palace springs only from the convenient presence of the scene building in the Greek theater; the early-morning opening scene matches the actual hour of an outdoor performance; the narration of the

bloody events which take place offstage comes from respect for the altar in the center of the orchestra. "To imitate another man's style is like wearing a mask," said Schopenhauer, and so it is that the pseudoclassicist always conceals himself. He speaks haltingly, forcing meters suited to the classical languages upon his own tongue; he builds timidly, covering his work with a useless veneer of columns, pilasters, and pediments; he thinks pointlessly, spinning dead and sterile systems out of untimely categories.

Because the pseudoclassicist takes the grand style to be free from point of view, he likewise takes literary criticism to be prescriptive rather than descriptive, believing that the excellent qualities of one view of the world must repeat themselves in detail in every view. This is not true. It is through the differences between one point of view and another that we come to recognize the enduring element, what is common to all, in the grand style. Point of view, although not stressed, is half of *The Iliad*, half of *The Divine Comedy*, half of *Paradise Lost*. A thread of continuity runs through these epics in that all present a picture of the justice of man's fate. Homer's picture, however, is in terms of pre-Socratic Greece, a picture of Zeus deciding between Achilles and Hector by use of the golden scales of justice; Dante's picture of the same justice made manifest in purgatory, inferno, and paradise is in terms of the world view of St. Thomas; *Paradise Lost* reflects the historical interests of the age and the scholarly Milton alike in its tracing of the justice of the divine plan in the origin of man. It is the world, not literary criticism, that prescribes the element of continuity in the grand style, and literary criticism must be content to describe this element of permanence and to distinguish it from the historical points of view with which it is compounded in the classics.

There are many old, perdurable truths, but each age must see them in its own familiar terms: those who are content with the classics of the past negate the point of view of the present, for the great writers, although they seem to mirror the world absolutely and for all time, are necessarily fixed to points in the past. Every present requires its own interpretation. Literature must be rewritten for every age; indeed, only he who grasps the world from his own point of view is truly capable of entering sympathetically into another point of view, of appreciating the literature of the past.

Thus both expressionism and pseudoclassicism show that there is no style where there is no union between subject and object, point of view and world, man and nature. The effect of both is at length the same; each takes man out of the great world in which alone he can live: expressionism isolates him in a private world; formalism turns his natural home into an intellectual desert.

We cannot doubt that this conception of style as essentially the expression of a relation between man and nature would have been acceptable to Aristotle. His point of attack upon the problem was the prevailing Greek theory that art is an imitation of nature, a theory which Plato had used successfully in his attack on the poets. Seeing at once that mere imitation of nature cannot be art, Aristotle so defined his terms as to imply a creative interpretation rather than imitation. Thus he united man and nature in his theory of art. If his point of attack had been the prevailing modern dictum that style is the man, he could have reunited man and nature only by defining man as a point of view toward the world.

Whether this solution will satisfy extremists, the timid scholastic who has long fortified himself with the ritual of pseudoclassicism or the self-flattered member of the cult of expressionism, is another question.

"THE COAST OF FRANCE HOW NEAR!"

FRENCH INVASION AND ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1793-1805

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON AND VIRGINIA MARY

WHEN THE COURSE of World War II events pointed to possibility of an invasion of England, the writers of this paper, recalling poems by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, and other Romanticists on the threatened invasions of their times, became interested in the actual facts about these alarms and in the literary effects of French attempts to conquer England. Their research on the subject led them into histories of the period, into contemporary newspapers and magazines, and into the collected works of representative authors. Their present purpose is to show, both by ephemeral journalistic treatments that throw nobler treatments into perspective and by literary expressions of more enduring significance, how British writers of the period 1793-1805 envisaged the possible invasion and destruction of their country.

The British Isles were threatened with invasion from the beginning of the war with France, in 1793, until the Battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, which resulted in the destruction of the French sea power necessary to support such an undertaking. During this twelve-year stretch there were two periods of acute danger: from 1796, when a French expedition sought to establish a base in Ireland, until 1798, when Nelson beat the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile; and from 1802, when Napoleon began to concentrate a vast armament of ships and troops on the Channel, until the Battle of Trafalgar (1805) removed the possibility of a descent.

I

As early as 1794-95, General Hoche proposed to foment an insurrection in England, and gathered troops on the coast of France for the purpose, only to withdraw them for an expedition in another direction. "Nevertheless, for a long time the alarm was hot in England. The assembly of troops on the French coast had been reported on the other side of the Channel as the formation of an army of 15,000 men ready to land." Many people of the threatened area

fled to the Isle of Wight, where the navy had a strong concentration. The best-trained soldiers were organized to repel the French landing, a large volunteer force was recruited, and the navy was strengthened. In May, 1794, a French fleet under Vestabel, convoying provision ships from America, was mistaken for an expedition of invasion. Lord Howe defeated this fleet, but failed to follow up his advantage and destroy it. Nelson described the battle as a "Lord Howe victory." In January, 1795, Lord Cornwallis wrote, "I think . . . that this country never saw a greater danger of being invaded in serious and formidable fashion"; and on January 27, "I cannot doubt that this country will be invaded." More volunteer corps were organized. Banners were presented at public ceremonies, of which the one at Melton-Mowbray reported by the *Gentleman's Magazine* was typical. The Lord Lieutenants on the coast were instructed to remove live and dead stock and prepare a "depth defence" against the invaders. Preachers from their pulpits exhorted their flocks to resist to the last man.

In 1796 the French General Clarke proposed an expedition of convicts to incite insurrection in England, each member of the invading force to receive 100,000 francs in the event of success. The Irish "Directory" sent two of its ablest agents to negotiate with the French Directory for an invasion of Ireland. One of these, Wolfe Tone, has left a detailed account of plans in his journals. Ireland was to be invaded in force; small bands for guerrilla warfare were to be landed in England. At Bantry Bay, Ireland, the major effort was made in December-January, 1796-97. As usual, British luck prevailed; storms dispersed part of the fleet. The forces that landed found the country organized against them. In Scotland, reports the *London Gazette* (January 9, 1797), the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers offered to replace the castle guard if the latter should be sent to Ireland, the Royal Glasgow Volunteers followed suit in their city, and the people of the country proffered troop transportation. The *Monthly Mirror* (1797) published a satirical sketch of "that upstart fellow" Hoche, leader of the Bantry Bay attempt. By the end of the year two hundred thousand men were drilling in England.

A quite subordinate episode of this invasion is of special interest because of a connection with Coleridge, which will be shown later. Wolfe Tone and an American soldier of fortune, Colonel Tate, per-

suaded the French Directory to let them recruit "The Black Legion," from civil convicts, military deserters, prisoners on the hulks, and captive Vendéean *chouannes* (royalists). "The Black Legion" was to be used for the purpose of creating a diversion in England, while the chief venture was being made in Ireland. Tate's instructions were to raise an insurrection, to hinder commerce, and to divert the English. Bristol was to be the first objective; that city was to be burnt to the ground. The expedition, about fourteen hundred strong, embarked in four ships from Brest, entered the Bristol Channel, and proceeded as far as Porlock. Encountering adverse winds and currents, it turned back and sailed north. Thus, off Porlock, it came within a few miles of where Samuel Taylor Coleridge was living at the time of the expedition, early 1797. Doubtless rumors of this near approach and of the half-comic denouement which occurred after the actual landing in Fish Guard Bay, Pembrokeshire, February 22, 1797, were bruited abroad in the poet's neighborhood.

At Fish Guard Bay Lord Cawdor with a hastily gathered force met the "Black Legion" and demanded its immediate and unconditional surrender. Colonel Tate made the same demand of him. Accidental circumstances influenced the issue. On the surrounding hillsides, Welsh women, dressed in their red shawls, gathered to watch the fight. Seeing them, Colonel Tate believed that the red-coats were swarming around him, and surrendered without firing a shot. "The country people," reports the *London Chronicle* of February 28, 1797, "with a spirit of loyalty and gallantry becoming the descendants of Ancient Britons, flocked to meet the enemies of their country, armed with pitchforks, scythes, bludgeons, and whatever weapons they could in their hurry pick up. . . . Three Frenchmen were killed . . . attempting to carry off a calf." The captive officers were hustled to London by coach. At Gloucester and Uxbridge, their guards with difficulty prevented infuriated mobs from lynching them. When the British authorities discovered the unsavory antecedents of the common soldiers, they cynically connived in the "escape" of a number of them, and threw terror into the French coast towns by threatening to ship the rest of the "jailbirds" over and turn them loose to pillage their own countrymen.

Both the Bantry Bay and the Fish Guard invasions were designed as forerunners of a later large-scale descent on England. For that

purpose the Directory gathered a huge French, Dutch, and Spanish fleet. This was defeated and dispersed by Nelson's victory over the Dutch and Spanish at Cape St. Vincent in February, 1797, and Duncan's over the Dutch at Camperdown in the following October. Nevertheless, Dumouriez continued preparations for the great enterprise. In England, the King's message to Parliament of April, 1798, described the gathering French power and proposed measures for meeting it which won the support of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The exhortations of the *British Critic* rang with arguments and sentiments that might appropriately have been copied *literatim* in English magazines of 1939-41:

We hope it will not be our fate to contend alone; but whatever be the conduct of other countries, our determination is taken. *They* may crouch.—*They* may temporize. *They* may submit.—*We know our duty.*—We feel, as Christians and as Men. In the issue of the present contest, the existence of all Religion and of all Government, and the Rights of Human Nature, are involved. We trust we have the spirit, we know we have the power, to defend them.

The Bishop of Llandaff, says the *Monthly Mirror*, was "persuaded that . . . hundreds of thousands of loyal and honest men are as ready as I am to hazard everything in defence of our country."

In 1798 three invasion attempts were actually made, but these were relatively unimportant because Napoleon's main forces were employed in the Egyptian campaign (which bore resemblances to the Italian invasion of Egypt late in 1940). Following his Egyptian campaign, after an inspection of the French and British coasts, Napoleon told Bourvienné: "It would be too great a risk, I will not take it. I will not sport thus with the fate of France." The defeat, in 1798, of his fleet by Nelson in the Battle of the Nile and of his army, in 1799, by Sir Sidney Smith at Acre lifted the fear of invasion until 1802.

II

Soon after the declaration of war between England and France, the *Gentleman's Magazine* (LXXIII) published "A New Ballad on the Times," treating in humorous vein the seriously realized view that the Revolution threatened to engulf every British tradition and institution:

The Mounseers, they say, have the world in a string,
They don't like our nobles, they don't like our King;
But they smuggle our wool, and they'd fain have our wheat,
And leave us poor Englishmen nothing to eat.

They call us already a province of France,
And come by the hundreds to teach us to dance;
They say we are heavy, they say we are dull,
And that beef and plum pudding's not good for John Bull.

They join in their clubs, murder women and priests,
And then for their fish-wives they make civic feasts—
Civic feasts, what are they? Why, a new-fashioned thing,
For which they renounce both their God and their King!

They say man and wife shall no longer be one,
Do you take a daughter, and I'll take a son;
And as all things are equal, and all should be free,
If your wife don't suit you, Sir, perhaps she'll suit me.

Then stand by the Church, and the King, and the Laws,
The Old Lion still has his teeth and his claws;
We know of no despots, we've nothing to fear,
For their new-fangled nonsense will never do here.

Rumored and actual attempts at invasion were recorded in numerous popular literary efforts, humorous and serious. Despite the bungling of a chance to destroy the French fleet, the "Lord Howe victory" inspired a poem "On the Glorious Victory Obtained over the French Fleet by Earl Howe, June 1, 1794" (*Anti-Jacobin Review*, III). The first stanza reads:

When Gallia's base sons by some Daemon inspired,
Had burst all the ties which society bind,
With presumption unequalled they madly aspir'd
To plunge in confusion the rest of mankind.
 Our dear native plains,
 Where true liberty reigns,
They reckon'd an object was well worth their pains;
So resolv'd with their fleet to invade us, but now
Experience has shown them they didn't know How.

Succeeding stanzas, all ending like the first with a pun on Howe's name, exult over the event. An anonymous poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1795), "To My Country," expresses popular uneasiness over what was to come; the figurative language employed seems, in 1941, terribly literal:

O Britons! new commotions rise,
And threatening terrors round thee spread,
While swelling tempests shake the skies,
And tempests gather o'er thy head.

Other literary forms besides popular poetry express the sense of national crisis. On February 9, 1798, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the Covent Garden Theatre produced *England Preserved*, with a prologue by William Boscamen reviewing events and calling on Britons to defend their country. After the play, the actors led the audience in loyal and patriotic songs. The same magazine announces a play to be presented at Drury Lane as a stimulus to public contributions for defense purposes. A drama, *Descent upon England, a Prophecy*, written in 1798, was reviewed in the *Anti-Jacobin Review* of the next year. In the previous year the editors of the *Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner* had reported upon a similar production in France:

Buonaparte is still at *Paris*, preparing for the conduct of the Expedition against *England*. It is mentioned, as a proof that he does not think lightly upon the subject, that when an Opera in two Acts was about to be brought out, called—"Les Français en Angleterre"—Buonaparte interfered to procure the prohibition of it, observing that it was unworthy of the French Nation to exhibit the appearance of *la moindre jactance* [the least boasting], on an occasion where they were employing so much vigour and exertion.

(Whatever other parallels may exist between Napoleon and present-day dictators, it would seem that his taste in propaganda sets him apart from his twentieth-century successors.) Apparently, the *Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner's* treatment of war news about "designs of French Conquest and Plunder . . . Loans, Air, Fire, and Water" soon began to get on the nerves of its readers. A letter to the editor (March 12, 1798) complains: "The Jacobin Writers have, for some time past, thought fit to indulge their merriment on the

subject of French Invasion, and to treat it as a *Raw-head and bloody bones*, devised by the Ministerial Agents, for the purpose of giving activity to the Volunteer Contributions." The need for a more serious view of the national situation was voiced by a sensational book, *Buonaparte in Britain!!!* reviewed by the *British Critic* in 1799. On the other hand, W. T. Fitzgerald apologizes for his patriotic ardor in lines concluding an address given at Freemason's Hall in London and published in the *Anti-Jacobin Review* (1799):

Excuse the warmth with which my Muse express'd
The subject nearest, dearest to my breast;
But when the foes of earth and heaven conspire,
To desolate the world with sword and fire,
Each honest man's a Patriot at the heart,
And burns to take his King's and Country's part.

III

From these journalistic treatments of invasion, shrill with the passions of the hour and flatulent with patriotic rhetoric, it is pleasant to turn to major writers who were able occasionally to rise above the temporal and achieve utterance of greater dignity and power. Robert Burns, Walter Scott, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge have left a nobler record of their personal experiences and feelings during the troublous years from 1793 to 1798.

Though Burns died in 1796, before the most dangerous phase of invasion, he was deeply moved by the early threats. "Nowhere," says Catherine Carswell, "was the war-cloud darker than over Scotland." Internal disaffections and turmoils were aggravated by the prospect of foreign invasion. An employee of the Excise, Burns was in the thick of events. His spontaneous sympathy with the cause of the Revolution early aroused suspicion of his loyalty and actually got him into official trouble. But by January, 1793, he wrote: "As to France, I was her enthusiastic votary in the beginning of the business.—When she came to show her old avidity for conquest, in annexing Savoy . . . and in invading the rights of Holland, I altered my sentiments." His poem "On General Dumourier's Desertion," celebrating an event as sensational as Rudolf Hess's flight in May, 1941, declares:

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,

I will take my chance with you,
By my soul, I'll dance with you, Dumourier.

In June, 1793, "ready to burst with indignation on reading of, or seeing how, these mighty villains . . . lay nations waste," he composed a poem to the air of "Logan Water" expressing the grief of a Scottish lass

While [her] dear lad maun face his foes
Far, far frae [her] and Logan braes

(but not so far as the mountains of Greece in the spring of 1941, where Scots faced a grimmer foe). John Syme testifies that the stirring war ode "Scots, Wha Hae" was inspired as much by the imminent French menace as by the ancient English invasion of Scotland:

Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us Do—or Die!

"So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as he did that Day! Amen!"

In 1795 Burns joined the Royal Dumfries Volunteers and, until his health failed, regularly attended drills and parades, proudly wearing the uniform of that outfit, bought on credit—a short blue jacket, with red cape and cuffs and gilt buttons, a white vest and buckled breeches, white stockings, and round stiff hat surmounted by a cockade and black feathers. His poem "Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat" inspired many other Scotsmen to volunteer:

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, Sir!
There's wooden walls upon our seas
And volunteers on shore, Sir!

The Nith shall run to Corsinton,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

"The Sodger's Return" glorifies the common soldier. His "Song of Death," the *British Critic* (1800) asserted, "contributed to rouse the martial genius of his countrymen." Despite his services as poet and volunteer, by one of those strokes of irony not unusual in the stories of patriots, the last and most fatal blow on Burns's laboring heart came in the form of an attorney's dun for payment of the tailor's bill for his splendid uniform.

The line of Scott's political opinions is straight and undeviating. Unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge, he never "conceived a passionate affection for revolution." He was anti-Jacobin from the first. Hence he took the earliest opportunity of offering his military services by helping, in February, 1797, to organize the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons, a cavalry unit from which his lameness did not disqualify him. He was promptly appointed quartermaster. His charger he named Lenore, after the heroine of Bürger's ballad, which he had just translated; and his comrades nicknamed him Earl Walter. A congenitally late sleeper, he had to rise every morning at five o'clock for drill. Scott's letters are full of high-spirited boast and banter about his military activities. While visiting in northern England, he met Charlotte Carpenter, hastily changed from mufti to uniform, and wooed her as a cavalryman. His early literary compositions show a few reflections of his military experience. "War Song of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons" was inspired by a German war song of 1798, when French invasion threatened Germany, and Scott's free adaptation became the troop-song:

To horse! to horse! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all!

Though writing little about the invasions attempted during this period, Scott was accumulating experience and observation that were to be useful for his poetry and fiction after 1802.

Recognizing the menace of France more quickly than did his friend Wordsworth, whose stubborn loyalty to the Revolution spared him much excitement over the first phases of invasion, Samuel Taylor Coleridge underwent an early, swift, and decisive change in po-

litical faith. The comic-opera interlude of his enlistment in the dragoons, from which he was extricated perhaps just in time to save him from being shot in the war on the continent, had nothing to do with his early revolutionary ardor. At heart he was a pacifist. His "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter" and "His Religious Musings" expose the cruel absurdity of war; they attack France and England impartially as imperialistic powers. By 1796, however, French excesses and the growing tendency to conquest had begun to shake him. His "Ode on the Declining Year," written in December, 1796, while deploring England's guilt, shows concern for the national safety.

The Nether Stowey period marks the definite abandonment of France and the nascence of Coleridge's love for England. Personal experiences doubtless had much to do with the transition.

It will be recalled that the Fish Guard Bay expedition of February, 1797, had sailed up the Bristol channel as far as Porlock, a spot only a few miles from Nether Stowey. "In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Linton." Here he dreamed "Kubla Khan," and while he was limning "The shadow of the dome of pleasure," he was "unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock." The neighborhood of Porlock and Nether Stowey, then, had ample cause for hearing "voices prophesying war." Indeed, it had ample cause for apprehension of invasion; and so did the poet. Yet he acted imprudently, tracing a brook from its sources to the sea, in preparation for a poem symbolical of the manifold activities of human life; walking about the countryside at all hours with strange-looking people like William and Dorothy Wordsworth; entertaining Thelwall, who had recently been tried for treason. The nervousness of his neighbors and the incomprehensible goings-on at Alfoxden and Nether Stowey aroused the suspicion that he and the Wordsworths were spies in the pay of the French. A government spy, whose chief physiognomic feature was an extraordinarily large nose, was actually sent from London to watch the Alfoxden-Nether Stowey company. He shadowed the two poets perseveringly. Once he thought they were aware of his surveillance when he heard them discuss one "Spy Nozey"—only to discover by further eavesdropping that they were referring to a philosopher who had lived a long time ago and written a book. About the poem for which Coleridge was

then gathering material, he wrote: "Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the poem, which was to have been entitled 'The Brook.' Had I finished the work, it was my purpose in the heat of the moment to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety as containing the charts and maps with which I was to have supplied the French government in aid of their plans of invasion."

The subjugation of Switzerland by France, and Napoleon's formidable preparations to deal likewise with England, effected a complete about-face in Coleridge's political convictions. "It became wonderfully easy for the war-party to persuade all Englishmen that their own independence was at stake and that the fate that had befallen Switzerland would be theirs before long if they did not do all in their power to avert it." Coleridge's "France: An Ode," originally entitled "Recantation," describes the stages of his disillusionment:

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, Champion of humankind?
To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

Another poem entitled "Recantation" is a humorous apology for Coleridge's youthful revolutionary madness. A fable, it tells of an ox who harmlessly amuses himself in a sunny meadow cutting playful capers. The neighbors, viewing these unseemly antics and becoming alarmed for the safety of their priests and altars, declare the creature mad and chase and worry him until he really does go mad. In his insane rage, the ox thoroughly destroys the village. Two years after publishing the poem, Coleridge noted on a copy of it, "Written when fears were entertained of an invasion."

In April, 1798, when England was bracing herself against the shock of Napoleonic onset, unaware that the main blow was to be launched at Egypt, Coleridge wrote his great national litany, "Fears in Solitude . . . During the Alarm of an Invasion." In "A green and silent spot, amid the hills," not many miles from the point where the Fish Guard Bay expedition had turned back a little more than a year ago, he confesses his fears and his country's sins:

It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
 What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
 This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
 Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
 And all the crash of onset. . . .
 We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
 We have offended very grievously,
 And been most tyrannous. From east to west
 A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
 The wretched plead against us; multitudes
 Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
 Our brethren! Like a cloud that travels on,
 Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
 Even so, my countrymen! have we gone forth
 And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
 And deadlier far, our vices. . . .

Thankless too for peace,
 (Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas)
 Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war.

Spare us yet awhile,
 Father and God! O! spare us yet awhile!
 Oh! let not English women drag their flight
 Fainting beneath the burden of their babes!

Thus admitting the justice of the threatened punishment, and praying for divine intercession, he nevertheless entreats his countrymen to come forth and repel the foe. However guilty England may be, France is guiltier, and unworthy of conquest. God may yet forgive his country. Then, in lines as eloquent as any since the speeches of John of Gaunt and Henry V, he apostrophizes the motherland:

O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
All adoration of the God in nature,
All lovely and all honourable things,
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
The joy and greatness of its future being?
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
Unborrowed from my country! O divine
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
And most magnificent temple, in the which
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
Loving the God that made me!

The poem concludes on the calm and reverent note of the opening lines. Thinking of his lowly cottage, his wife, and his baby, the poet surrenders his spirit to the mood of his surroundings:

Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
And grateful, that by nature's quietness
And solitary musings, all my heart
Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

"As Englishmen felt about England a century and a half ago, or three centuries ago, so they feel about England today; and in that passionate attachment lies their great source of strength."

IV

For a time after Napoleon's defeat at Trafalgar, the English were relieved of their fear of invasion; but in 1801 the danger was renewed. The short Peace of Amiens, March, 1802, to May, 1803, served only as a breathing spell for the mighty antagonists. With the open renewal of hostilities, France pushed preparations for invasion with unprecedented determination and energy. French newspapers fanned popular hatred of England. The Bayeux tapestry, which depicts William the Conqueror's conquest of England, was taken out of its treasure room and exhibited in all the principal cities

and towns of France; replicas of it were hung in the theaters. Ship-building was feverishly hurried in all the yards from the Tagus to Texel. The French coast was heavily fortified, and heavy troop concentrations were made at Boulogne.

English newspapers kept their subscribers informed about the ominous preparations across the Channel and urged strengthening of the national defense. The government hastened construction of military canals and forts and enlarged the regular army by the unusual method of conscription. New volunteer companies were formed throughout the kingdom. In this connection Hozier tells of an incident which occurred at the King's review of several London companies in Hyde Park. "When the Temple companies marched past, His Majesty asked . . . of what the corps was composed.—'They are all lawyers, Sir.'—'What! What!' exclaimed the King. 'All lawyers! All lawyers! Call them "The Devil's Own." '—And the Devil's Own they were called." Propaganda, plans, warnings, alarms, and encouragements, in the form of newspaper editorials, printed speeches, sermons, poems, books, and dramas, streamed from the printing presses. One of the most interesting parallels to the 1939-41 crisis in England is a pamphlet of 1803 issued to the public for the purpose of giving instructions about what to do in case of invasion. The introduction to this document and the leaflet issued by the Ministry of Information and summarized by *Bulletins from Britain* in April, 1941, are strikingly similar, though naturally different in details. As in present-day propaganda, the dictator across the Channel is pictured as a heartless monster from whom, if successful, no mercy is to be expected. Lest the working classes should become subverted by Fifth Column arguments that the struggle with France was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight, the government issued, and the newspapers and magazines (*Gentleman's* and *British Critic*) printed, "Advice to the English Day Labourers Concerning Buonaparte's Invasion," prophesying the dire consequences in the event of French conquest, and citing the fates of other subject populations. "The British Patriot's Prayer" (*Gentleman's Magazine*) entreated divine assistance in resisting "the most sacrilegious, bloody-minded, treacherous, and rapacious Usurper that ever ruled mankind, or that ever scourged the inhabitants of the earth."

Just as in the period 1937-39, so in the period 1801-05, public

apathy, unwillingness to face the facts, and wishful thinking were regarded as the besetting political sins of the English people. In arousing the country to a sense of reality, the periodicals published numerous poems, of which W. T. Fitzgerald's "Britons to Arms!!!" (*Gentleman's*, 1803) is a fair example:

Britons, to arms! of apathy beware
And let your country be your dearest care;
Protect your Altars! guard your Monarch's Throne,
The cause of George and Freedom is your own.

The historically-minded editor of the *British Critic* (1803) saw in Mark Akenside's "Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, 1758" a poem so applicable to the contemporary situation that he reprinted it in full. Stanza 3 begins:

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas! the while
Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of Freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?

Meanwhile, the theaters lent themselves to purposes of patriotic incitement. Two of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's plays, *The Camp* and *John Bull*, were produced, states the *Monthly Mirror* (1803), many times during the period of crisis. Shakespeare's history plays were revived to arouse the nationalistic spirit. The *London Chronicle* (November 24-26, 1803), reporting Will Kemble's performance in *Henry V* at Covent Garden, notes that "The passages applicable to the present situation were seized on by the audience with avidity and applauded with enthusiasm." At the conclusion of the play, Kemble delivered an address to the audience, inciting them in heroic couplets to resist the invaders, after which all joined in singing "God Save the King," accompanied by a full band.

When, in 1804, after his vast preparations for a descent on England, Napoleon still hesitated, the *Monthly Mirror* published a parody on Cowper's poem "To Mary."

The ninth long month is well nigh past,
Since first thy threats on us were cast;
Ah! would that thou wouldst come at last,
My Bony!

But should'st thou dare to cross the sea,
 Th' attempt would thy destruction be:
 The sun would rise no more on thee,
 My Bony!

In another poem, published by the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, derisive reference is made to Napoleon's defeat at Acre, in the Egyptian campaign (which resembled the Italian fiasco of 1941 in the same country):

What! to conquer all England, how dare he pretend,
 That ambitious, but vain undertaker!
 When experience has shown that, where Britons defend,
 He's unable to conquer one Acre.

A Loyal Songster, containing patriotic songs, was distributed among the volunteers. These soldiers were praised in innumerable newspaper effusions more patriotic than poetic.

At last, in 1805, Napoleon took the decisive step which was to end in the conquest of England. But the defeat of his navy, in consequence of De Villeneuve's disobedience of orders, at the memorable Battle of Trafalgar, finally relieved England of the fear of invasion. A poem in the *European Magazine* entitled "Buonaparte and the Invasion" gives a complete account of this final phase. In racy language it ridicules the Emperor and ends with a picture of Britannia thumbing her nose at him across the waters.

v

Though, as in the early phase of threatened French invasion, the major writers were personally affected by events of 1801-05, only Scott and Wordsworth on a large scale reflect the increasing peril in their artistic creations. Burns died before invasion was actually attempted. Coleridge, although he was keenly aware of the stress of the times, no longer wrote about invasion in his poems; he confined the expression of his interest to personal letters and published prose works. In a Table Talk of 1821 he remarked, "Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder,—each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mass them together and they are terrible indeed." In 1803, Coleridge accompanied William and Dorothy Wordsworth on a tour of Scotland, but soon after arriving in that country separated from them to travel alone. In the vicinity of Edinburgh he exhibited a

suspicious interest in fortifications, was mistaken for a spy, and thrown into prison—so nervous were Scotsmen at the time over the imminent prospect of invasion. The poet's incarceration in the damp, cold military prison is a part of the "anguish . . . and agony" and "Sense of intolerable wrong" outpoured in "The Pains of Sleep," which he included in a letter to Southey telling his brother-in-law of his dreadful experience.

With the increasing danger of invasion, Walter Scott's military activities rose in corresponding tempo. His *Life of Napoleon Buona-parto* contains a graphic description of the state of affairs in England and Scotland during the period 1801-05. His letters picture conditions in Scotland. Late in the summer of 1803, Scott's company of volunteer cavalry was at Musselburgh. In a letter written from that place to Miss Anna Seward Scott, he describes the corps in detail and comments: "I must own that to one like myself . . . the 'pomp and circumstance' of war gives, for a time, a very poignant and pleasing sensation. This imposing appearance of cavalry, in particular, and the rush which marks the onset, appear to me to partake highly of the sublime."

While galloping on military business along the sands between Portobello and Musselburgh, Scott received his first inspiration for *Marmion*. A kick from a comrade's horse which laid him up for three days provided leisure for writing the first canto. Skene pictures the soldier-bard spurring his black charger Lenore into the waves between periods of drill as he composed lines which were later to be incorporated in the poem. The description of the Battle of Flodden Field undoubtedly owed many details to the sham battles fought by the Edinburgh cavalry during 1804-05. Although the setting of *Marmion* is medieval, the introductions to the cantos treat of events and personalities contemporary with the period of composition; the one to the first canto praises Pitt, Nelson, and Fox for their heroic defense of Britain.

On an excursion with his wife in 1804, Scott received intelligence leading him to believe that a French force was about to land in Scotland. Mounting his charger, he covered a distance of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, to join his cavalry company, only to learn after his arrival that the alarm was false. That Scott

the writer vividly remembered the excitement of that crisis is attested by two of his works. In *The Antiquary* the threat of a French invasion looms constantly in the background of events, the subject being a common topic of conversation among the characters. Mr. Oldbuck relates an anecdote of his falling ill in Edinburgh and sending for a surgeon. Like other professional men, the surgeon was a volunteer.

He came; but valour so had fired his eye,
And such a falchion glitter'd on his thigh,
That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to murder, not to heal.

The climax of the novel comes with the episode of the firing of the beacons. The invasion alarm, with its galloping volunteers, scurrying citizens, and hysterical women, and with its account of the disappointed rage of the soldiers against the hapless barber who accidentally started the hullabaloo, is in Scott's best manner. In a note on the incident, Scott explains that it is based on an actual false alarm at Fairport in 1804. "The Bard's Incantation" was composed during Scott's ride to the place of rendezvous. As the Bard gallops through the forest of Glenmore on his way to Dalkeith, he thinks of the enemy he is to meet there, and calls on the "Minstrels and bards of other days" to wake from their sleep of death.

The wind is hushed, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears.
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,
At the dread voice of other years—
"When the targets clashed and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we
And hymned the joys of Liberty."

It is probable that when William Wordsworth and Walter Scott met in 1803, the two saw eye to eye on the fundamentals of national policy. The English youth who had been shocked when his country warred against France, and who could not join in Church of England prayers for the success of English arms, was now a disillusioned man of thirty-three. "From 1802, Wordsworth, on the subject of the war with France entirely agreed for practical purposes with the

best Tories of his time. . . . He felt that to put an end to the Treaty of Amiens and to carry on the war against Napoleonic despotism was for England both a necessity and a duty." The story of his indoctrination with the Revolution and of his progressive disillusionment he tells with unparalleled completeness in Books IX, X, and XI of *The Prelude*. The causes that brought about the change in his feeling about France and about his own country were similar to those that had turned Coleridge, but they were more intimately and personally felt through direct observation of events in France and by reason of the liaison with Annette Vallon.

In the summer of 1802, when he and Dorothy visited Calais to liquidate the Annette affair, he lost whatever hope for France he still clung to and experienced a dawning love for England which was to develop into a fervent patriotism. His early "Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty" constitute a unique record of a poet's love-making to his country.

The sonnet "Composed by the Sea-Side, Near Calais, August, 1802" is addressed to the "Fair Star of evening . . . stooping . . . to sink on England's bosom":

Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

The two sonnets written near Dover, on his return from Calais, describe both his sense of the meaning of England to him and to mankind and his fear of the deadly peril gathering head on the other shore.

Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see
With such a dear Companion at my side.

His "thought for another moment" turns his gaze to the other shore:

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
 A span of waters.

Love and fear force the poet to a closer scrutiny of the beloved. Within England, the febrile pleasure-seeking, the "rapine, avarice, expense" of wartimes and war profiteering appal him. "Plain living and high thinking are no more." England, "a fen of stagnant waters," has need of Milton, to give "manners, virtue, freedom, power." "Great men have been among us"; "They knew how genuine glory was put on."

In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

"Oh grief," he cries to England, "that Earth's best hopes rest all with thee!"

In September, 1803, William and Dorothy Wordsworth, accompanied by Coleridge, made a tour of Scotland. Dorothy's *Journal* relates the following incident connected with their journey through the Pass of Killiecrankie: "Everybody knows that this Pass is famous in military history. When we were travelling in Scotland an invasion was hourly looked for, and we could not but think of the times when from the now depopulated Highlands forty or fifty thousand men might have been poured down for the defence of the country." These reflections were the subject of a sonnet which Wordsworth wrote in 1803. Recalling one of the battles that took place in the Pass, he wishes:

O for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset gave!
 Like conquest would the Men of England see;
 And her Foes find a like inglorious grave.

"The deterioration of Wordsworth's public sentiments during the months which followed his return from Scotland was," observes H. P.A. Fausset, "as sudden and emphatic as his creative revival during the tour itself." The imminent threat of invasion by Napoleon was the chief cause of change. Pride in his country and apprehensions for her safety had been the burden of the 1802 sonnets; now his sentiments took on more active and violent expression. Not only did he now regard France as a degenerate nation whose fetters would henceforth be worn in the souls of her people, while England remained the only light-bearer of Liberty, but he advocated the British sword as well as British reason. In a sonnet written in October, 1803, entitled "Anticipation," he expresses exultation over the sanguinary prospect of defeating the invader:

Shout, for a mighty Victory is won!
On British ground the Invaders are laid low;
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
And left them lying in the silent sun,
Never to rise again!—the work is done.

In another, belonging to the same period, Wordsworth asks:

must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?

Fausset has suggested that Wordsworth's growing intimacy with Sir George Beaumont was one cause of his tendency toward jingoism. In a letter to Sir George accepting the gift of a plot of land near Keswick the poet included three warlike sonnets likely to please a Tory baronet who had successfully organized several companies of volunteer infantry. But the poet's own feelings were genuinely intense. In a letter to Mrs. Clarkson dated October 9, 1803, Dorothy writes:

William has gone to volunteer his services with the greatest part of the men of Grasmere. Alas! alas! Mary and I have no other hope than that they will not be called upon, out of these quiet far-off places, except in case of the French being successful after their landing and in that case what matter? We may all go together. But we wanted him to wait till

the body of the people should be called. For my part I thought much of the inconvenience and fatigue of going to be exercised twice or thrice a week. However, if he really enters into it heart and soul, and likes it, that will do him good; and surely there never was a more determined hater of France, nor one more willing to do his utmost to destroy them if they really do come.

A letter from the poet himself to Sir George confirms Dorothy's picture of his military ardor. "At Grasmere," he boasts, "we have turned out almost to a man. We are to go to Ambleside on Sunday to be mustered, and put on, for the first time, our military apparel." In "To the men of Kent. October, 1803," the poet grimly awaits the arbitrament of battle:

No parleying now. In Britain is one breath;
We are all with you now from shore to shore;—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death.

Fortunately for England and fortunately for the poet, perhaps, the supreme test of invasion did not come in Wordsworth's time. If, as Oliver Elton declares, "The nine sonnets of 1803, the year of expected invasion, rise in no case to the highest pitch," it is nevertheless true, as Crane Brinton asserts, that "Wordsworth's sonnets dedicated to liberty are supreme expressions of the passion and faith of patriotism." Without the elemental menace of actual invasion, the poet's feelings might never have been exalted to that plane of patriotism and of poetry which he attains in the conclusion of one of the Dover sonnets:

Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to them, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

The threatened French invasions of 1793-1805 could be forgotten as relatively unimportant to English literature if only the minor writers of the period had shown their concern. But many of the major literary figures left interesting proof, both in their deeds and in their writings, that they felt intensely the tragic stress of those years. Burns, Scott, and Wordsworth volunteered their military

services to their country; Coleridge's letters as well as his poetry show his perturbation over events. Events are shadowed or graven on much of the best writings of all four. It is impossible to read the claymore strokes of "Scots, Wha Hae," the fervently supplicatory lines of "Fears in Solitude," the noble strophes of "France: An Ode," the lofty early sonnets "Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty," the martial and patriotic verses of *Marmion*, and the lively pages of *The Antiquary*, without the conviction that a momentous national crisis found men who both as citizens and as artists were equal to the noble task of imaginatively recording it.

"Of the true virtues of patriotism," writes Laurence Binyon, in *Britain Today*, "we have learnt best from our great poets: from Shakespeare, Milton, and, above all, Wordsworth. Writing at a time when nearly the whole continent of Europe was under the heel of one man, Napoleon, Wordsworth found much to reproach his country with. . . . But after this and similar laments he turns upon himself, ashamed of his 'unfilial fears':

For dearly must we prize thee, we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind
Felt for thee as a lover for a child.

How good it is to turn from phrase-makers and rhetoricians . . . to lines like these!"

FOR HIM THAT IS WAKING

ELAINE WARD COGSWELL

WAR HAS a private as well as a public aspect. There are *our* wars, which fortunately take place with relative infrequency, and then there are *your* wars and *my* wars which are waged daily, even hourly. It is not easy, and to some it will never seem profitable, to study the relationship which exists between these two sides of our great dilemma. Yet it could be shown that they bear the same identity, with respect to the main question, that the tiny, almost invisible rootlets bear to the weed.

"The prayer of modern man," a French philosopher once said, "names but one scourge, war, because the others come only from nature, whose terrors have been dominated by science, while war comes from man." Crime might have been added. War and crime; the battlefield and the lethal chamber, the large and the small theater of that terrible, solitary drama in which man is both the aggressor and the victim, the slayer and the slain. If he could become the spectator as well as the actor of that play, we might hold some hope of peace; but now, as two thousand years ago, he knows not what he does. How is this? "Why doth no man confess his faults?" mused the wise Roman. "Because he is still in them. To declare his dream is for him that is waking."

To awake, to declare his dream, his individual nightmare of enmity and bloodshed and spite and self-seeking, this is the private aspect of war. And this is the affair of us all, and not alone of the chiefs of state.

For a time let us leave the radio and the newspaper with their latest word of what goes on at the Eastern front, or the Western, or in the Baltic or the Mediterranean. And let us leave for a while, to those whose experience or special capacities acquaint them with the public effects of this matter, the study of its public aspects. Let the historians and the tacticians and the financiers and economists make their contributions—all they will—towards the study of those causes of war which have to do with tariffs and trade and finance and the prestige of nations. Our factual knowledge of war and its manifold

causes can never be too ample nor too accurate. Yet when all this is done, the largest part remains to be done, that which is a matter of personal character and private understanding. What good is there in being able to fix the war guilt of the nations if I am still unable to fix the guilt in my dispute with my employer or my employee or with my wife or my child or my neighbor?

How many of us, in all honesty, have a real comprehension of trade balances or tariffs? Of international rivalry and diplomacy and finance? How many of us have the sense of history which would enable us to understand the meaning of past events? Wild as the ferment for knowledge is, deep and anxious as the desire for understanding that might lead to peace, very few of us have the experience or the aptitude for intricate and specialized fact-hunting which is necessary to comprehend the details of such knowledge. Nor have we the time to spare out of our busy, bread-winning, child-rearing lives. Yet something there is which is within our province and well within the scope of our abilities. If war comes from man, then the study of man is properly our study. "Human nature never changes," growls the cynic, "we shall always have wars." Ah! but we do not believe it. We believe, perhaps we only hope—! What do we believe? Surely, that human nature can and does change; that this change is a sort of waking, a looking around, a stammering attempt to declare ourselves and the nightmare. And if human nature is properly the study of all of us, how fortunate that each one has at hand, complete and ready, the best possible laboratory for his research and experiment—himself.

"Domestic events are certainly our affair," as Emerson thought. "What are called public events may or may not be ours. And if a man wishes to acquaint himself with the real history of the world, with the spirit of the age, he must not go first to the state house or the courtroom. The subtle spirit of life must be sought in facts nearer. It is what is done and suffered in the house, in the constitution, in the temperament, in the personal history, that has the profoundest interest for us." Not only our profoundest interests lie here but our hopes as well. A large part of our bewilderment in public predicaments comes always from the fact that we do not quite know how we stand privately. There has been no reconciliation be-

tween our moral character and the external events of history. We seem to have lost the key to our individual riddle, and more than that to have forgotten its master-quality which had previously opened to us what was public or universal. No one can explain us to ourselves, and we seem to be out of context. Such a bewilderment and bedevilment possesses us that we wonder where to start to get ourselves in order. In such a frame of mind as this the tendency seems to be to find our wisdom in doing as others do. It is suicidal, of course. When large portions of a population find themselves in this state, it is easy for power to be seized by men who act from deeply personal motives—fear, hate, lust for glory. Such men are never in doubt as to how they stand. They stand for the advancement of their personal fortunes and the devil take the nation.

What is the secret of the power and prestige of our present-day Napoleons? The same, no doubt, as with the first one, or with all those who preceded the one we call the first. Europe of Bonaparte's time was aswarm with small Bonapartes who gladly put into the hands of their large-statured prototype the baton of power and let him wield it for them vicariously. They lived out their lives in their master's. It is the same today and was the same in Caesar's time and so on without end. Is it charity or ignorance which makes us believe that a great people is not truly represented by a base leader? In one sense or another our leaders always represent us. The word itself means much. To represent, i.e., to act with authority for another; also, to portray, picture, or impersonate. We may be sure that our leaders are in some sense a portrayal or personation of us, if only of our hidden, unacknowledged selves. In what does my baseness or blindness or folly consist as a person and a citizen? Do I not know? Or do I deny it? Perhaps I shall find it in that machine-politician or that sheep-gland statesman or this or that spurious share-the-wealth reformer.

As it is with one country so it is with another. As Americans we have a right to be proud of our institutions, surely. But have we a right to be vain? That quiet, somewhat anxious pride which is wholesome seems to have degenerated into vainglory; the kind which a proud householder exhibits, who, busy showing the guests the splendor of his premises, overlooks a somewhat sad need of repairs.

Back of every institution there was a necessity, and a man to fill that necessity who had previously tested the worth of it in his own character. When the need has ceased to exist we shall want new institutions and new men to found them; or when our institutions need reform we shall want reformed men, and—we may add in passing—reformed women to produce those men for the work of restoration.

How easily we take refuge in organization! Because it has accomplished wonders, is there any reason why we should ask of it the impossible? Banding together with other bewildered men, we pass resolutions without end and petition our Congressmen and attend this meeting and that lecture and the other Society for the Promotion of This or the Prevention of That, until it would really seem that the ultimate source of all relief—what lies within ourselves—would dry up. "I can't keep from quarreling with my wife or my children," we seem to say, "but if I join a Peace organization I can help prevent war." Or, "I will go to the polls and vote for this man who promises to keep us out of war, then I must hurry to settle my score with my competitor." Which is the way to the light? I do not know; you do not seem to know; none of us knows. But perhaps if we got together and formed a club—?

"The illusion that wars between nations profit their peoples is fast fading," someone remarked, "but the illusion persists that domestic warfare between classes and ruthless fighting among business competitors is the way to national prosperity and peace. Denunciations of one group by another are like the drums and trumpets gathering armies for war. As prominent leaders shout their challenges, it is evident that strategy is being devised in private offices, plans are being made—not how management and labor and government can work together, but how one class of ambitious men can dominate another and forcefully gain its ends." The horrors of war are not confined to the Western front.

This is not to disparage organization and association, but only to call attention to our overreliance upon it. Our Babel state was never better illustrated, I sometimes think, than in the case of the so-called Ford peace ship. Who does not remember it? Launched in the hope of ending a war, it became itself a battleground. When people do not know whether to laugh or cry they often end by laughing. So

the Ford peace ship became a joke. So much more wise are we become, we feel, that such an idea would be unheard of nowadays for with many people all organizations for peace or international justice or amity are objects of ridicule. These people, however, do not seriously think such undertakings amusing or quixotic. They are secretly afraid of being taken in by their hopes. But those who love concerted action know that humanity's hopes have never really betrayed it, any more than the child is betrayed by its urge to walk, though it fall a dozen times and break a bone. We all know that certain organizations and associations for the promotion of international understanding have functioned well and have done incalculable good. If we lose faith in concerted action, it is because we expected too much in the first place. We do not easily see that whenever concerted action succeeds it is because those who instigated it have been in concert with themselves as well as with each other. When association fails it is often because the men who undertake it are themselves dissociated. A queer paradox, wherever we find a society of well-integrated men—and this usually an ancient society—we find little organization and not much government.

What is the substance of it all? That we have wars because society is made up of minors and not adults? Natural men and not philosophers? Yes, and that peace (and all vital change), like charity, begins at home. Home is not only the hearth but the heart, the core, of the individual personality. This is certainly our affair.

Whatever is to be re-formed, that is, made over, must first be well observed. Nietzsche described man as the animal with the red cheeks, which is to say the only animal that blushes. And man is likewise the only animal that can look in a mirror and know that the image he regards is himself and not another beast. Is this not something? We can feel shame. And we can study ourselves. This is the real difference between us and the rest of the animal kingdom. It seems a good beginning.

One of the first results of the pursuit of that self-knowledge which has been called the highest wisdom is an easing of extremes. "Lack of insight," wrote John Dewey, "always ends in despising or else in unreasoned admiration." He believed that we hold human nature in contempt because we do not understand it. "Human nature," he

continues, "has been regarded with fear and with sour looks, sometimes with enthusiasm for its possibilities, but only when these have been placed in contrast with its actualities." With growing insight, the face in the mirror begins to look more like the one in the street, and we recognize a family likeness. We begin to understand why we are called brothers. When we know both a little better we shall look on with equanimity, seeing that both are really one, and remembering always the path that one has traveled. "Man is not man as yet, but is in a sort of middle process of the making."

Human nature does not change? Those believe it in whom courage and patience ebb low, and on whom a sense of time presses too distractingly. But the strongest builders of the race have been more acquainted with steadfastness than with haste. And the larger the project, the greater their faith. This project of which we speak is large, this one of making a tolerant, arbitrating animal out of a blood-thirsty one, of reducing our worst evil to assimilable quantities. It requires time; time and that inner compulsion of which Goethe spoke, "which is always productive, and which fashions a new and better self." And outer compulsion, too, which urges man to alter himself in conformity with the world which he himself has altered. We could not, if we would, remain the same. But growth implies a waking, a coming into consciousness, a declaration by every man of his own dream of warfare and of how he made his peace.

B · O · O · K · S

A MONUMENT OF BRITISH SCHOLARSHIP

THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Edited by F. W. Bateson. Four Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. Pp. xxxviii, 912; xviii, 1003; xix, 1098; and Index, 287. \$32.50 the set.

In scope and usefulness, the *Cambridge Bibliography* easily and greatly surpasses its two principal competitors, Watts's *Bibliographica Britannica* (1824) and Lowndes's *Bibliographers' Manual* (1834). Its survey of 16,000 authors and 40,000 titles is the product of some ten years' collaboration of about 200 distinguished British and American scholars.

Its intention is to "record, as far as possible in chronological order, the authors, titles, and editions, with relevant critical matter, of all the writings in book form (whether in English or Latin) that can be said to possess some literary interest, by natives of what is now the British Empire, up to the year 1900." American authors, manuscripts after 1500, short pamphlets, bibliographical and critical descriptions are explicitly omitted, but "no type of printed book . . . has been altogether neglected." It professes to list completely all books of the most important writers and "in some instances" all of their contributions to magazines, also "generally" all the writings in their major genres of minor poets, dramatists, novelists, and essayists (but not their more miscellaneous works). More selection has been necessary in the works of historians, scientists, letter-writers, travelers, and others. In critical works dealing with these authors an even greater amount of selection is avowed, though the *field* of selection is widened to include all languages and countries up to 1936 for Volume I, 1937 for Volume II, and 1938 for Volume III.

The extent of selection practiced may perhaps be judged from the following comparative figures: *C.B.E.L.* lists 9 editions of Marlowe's collected works, Tannenbaum 16; *C.B.E.L.* lists 30 biographical and critical items under George Chapman, Tannenbaum 462; under Crashaw the 46 entries stand for about 67 of relative importance available; under George Herbert, 15 for 25 or 30; under William Cowper 43 items of biography and criticism as compared with 69 in Tobin's *Eighteenth Century Literature, A Bibliography*. In general, chapters on authors occurring in books which do not refer to the authors in the book-titles are omitted.

In so vast an undertaking, occasional lapses from the accuracy and completeness aimed at are inevitable and are more pardonable than in works of less scope. The following notes, based upon comparative examinations of several authors, will perhaps be found typical:

GEORGE CHAPMAN: Reed's edition (1825) is apparently dated 1780. W. C. Taylor's (1843) edition of the *Iliad* translation is omitted, also Chapman's poems "To his loved son, Nathaniel Field" and "De Guiana carmen epicum," by "J. C."

BEN JONSON: Linklater's *Ben Jonson and King James I* (1931) is omitted, and one finds no materials on Jonson's relations with Inigo Jones or on the masque, though there are at least four general books on the English masque which deal largely with Jonson. There are several typographical errors; e.g., Althorpe for Althorpe and W. H. Peck for H. W. Peck.

RICHARD CRASHAW: Incorrect references are given for Comfrey's "Note on Richard Crashaw" and an anonymous article on "Crashaw's Poetical Works."

HENRY VAUGHAN: Here and elsewhere in the section on metaphysical poets Helen White's relatively important *Metaphysical Poets* (1936) is missing, but possibly it appeared too late for inclusion.

WILLIAM CONGREVE: No separate editions of Congreve's poems or translations are listed, apart from his inclusive *Works*; also one would rather expect the inclusion of Leslie Stephens's *Congreve* (1887) and A. M. Summers's *Theatrical History of the Double Dealer*, etc. (1921).

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: Though the list is selective, a comparison with five other bibliographical sources reveals the absence in *C.B.E.L.* of no significant titles which might reasonably have been expected to be included.

WILLIAM COWPER: Thomas Wright's *The Town of Cowper* is listed as *The Tour of Cowper*.

LORD BYRON: W. Phillips's "A Review of the Character and Writings," etc. (*North American Review*, October, 1825) is erroneously ascribed to the *Atlantic Monthly*. One looks in vain for Edgumbe's *Byron, the Last Phase* and the 1921 publication of Lord Lovelace's *Astoria*.

ALFRED TENNYSON: The omission of various editions and works by William J. Rolfe is hard to explain, and one wonders why the numerous musical settings of various poems are represented by only two items, one of which, "Ring Out Wild Bells" (1911), had some thirty or forty predecessors. McCabe's "Personal Recollections" (*Century Magazine*, 1902) is erroneously listed as a book. Walt Whitman's "A Word About Tennyson" (1887) should probably have been included, also Emerson's "Wordsworth and Tennyson," and certainly the studies of Tennyson by Morton Luce and Tainsh, Shepherd's and Davidson's books on *In Memoriam*, and Dawson's on *The Princess*. Two minor inaccuracies occur in omitting the name of Smith from the compilers of the *Bibliography of Twelve Victorian Poets* and in describing R. H. Horne's *A New Spirit of the Age*, as a two-volume rather than a one-volume work.

THOMAS HARDY: Among his *Works* no mention is made of *The Poor Man and the Lady* (professedly destroyed) nor of *A Defence of Jude the Obscure*. Of the ten or twelve books omitted under Life and Criticism one notes such items as William Archer's *Real Conversations* (1904) and Arthur Symonds's *A Study of Thomas Hardy* (1938).

These bibliographies were selected arbitrarily to include all three volumes and also both major and minor writers, and the observations are condensed from notes made by graduate students especially interested in the subjects chosen, working from various special bibliographies. Such notes are only slight and to some extent tentative contributions to a gradually accumulated composite judgment by which the *C.B.E.L.* will attain its true rank. The subject-divisions of the various volumes are so many and the cross-references so inadequate, that a searcher must commonly look in several places. And on each page he may have to search two columns of close print, because the arrangement is chronological rather than alphabetical. Hence even these notes may contain errors.

The elaborate arrangement by periods and types will be regarded by most scholars as unfortunate. It entails an index-volume which the *Times Literary Supplement* has already suggested should be revised. To be sufficiently effective it requires vastly more cross-references than are offered. It sacrifices the simple, quick-reference advantages of an alphabetical scheme to the editor's rather quixotic desire to furnish a short-hand history of English literature—in 3,330 pages. Such a scheme does have some rather considerable values of its own, but it makes the work unnecessarily clumsy in fulfilling its primary function. As the editor himself remarks (before being led astray by the moribund influence of the Cambridge *History* out of which his work evolved), "A work of reference is a machine for answering questions."

Over and above all criticisms of detail and plan, the *C.B.E.L.* is likely to stand as an immensely valuable work. The editors plan to keep it up to date by the issue of supplements. By including in these supplements *corrigenda* as well as *addenda* they have an opportunity of profiting by the bibliographical criticism of all experts on the authors included.

NEWMAN I. WHITE.

AIR POWER IN THE CIVIL WAR

AERONAUTICS IN THE UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES, WITH A SURVEY OF MILITARY AERONAUTICS PRIOR TO 1861. By F. Stansbury Haydon. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1941. Illustrations. Pp. xxii, 421. \$4.00.

This is a remarkable book. For thoroughness of research and completeness of detail, it is one of the most elaborate monographs on the American Civil War yet published. The resources of the great public and private depositories of library and archival materials have been exhausted, and important private collections have been used extensively. If

the second volume of this work is on the same scale as the first, it seems unlikely that any significant discoveries regarding aeronautics in the opposing armies may be expected in the future. Though the author feels it is necessary to use two volumes to explore a phase of the Civil War hitherto considered unimportant, there is no "padding" in the ordinary sense. The author does not hesitate to use as many words as are necessary to make his meaning clear, but, for him at least, the details included are all relevant. To some the book may seem exhaustive to a fault. If one wants to know how many yards of fabric, or quantities of other materials, were used in the construction of a balloon, he will find it. The composition of the varnish used to preserve and reinforce the cloth, the sort of pulleys used on the control cables, or the size and cost per foot of the rubber hose used on the mobile gas generators, may be ascertained. And if one wants the explanation of the correct spelling of one of the Christian names of the most important aeronaut of the lot, T. S. C. Lowe, he will find it in a long footnote. On the whole, however, it is the reviewer's opinion that the completeness of the work, presenting all the information available, even at the risk of limiting circulation and the number of readers, will give it a long-run usefulness seldom attained by studies less complete.

There is a necessary introduction on "Military Aeronautics Prior to 1861" in which one learns that the first air or balloon corps, organized during the French Revolution, had as one of its purposes the dropping of propaganda from the air, that the first air training school was established in 1794, that Napoleon took balloonists to Egypt, and that in 1808 it was suggested to Napoleon that he invade England from the air. Back in 1784 Franklin had pointed out the advantages of transporting troops by air. Experiments with balloons were conducted at the College of William and Mary in 1786. The use of observation and bombing balloons was suggested in the Seminole War in Florida and in the Mexican War, but it seems that the "first effective use of observation balloons in the American Army" was the ascension by La Mountain, July 31, 1861. The same aeronaut suggested that balloons be used to shell, burn, or destroy Norfolk, or other cities, but this seems to have been an idea first "published to the world in the year 1670," more than a century before the first balloon went aloft. The first successful demonstration of aerial telegraphy was made early in the Civil War; and the use of photography from balloons was suggested but not employed. The "first aircraft carrier in American history," the transport *Fanny*, to which a balloon was fastened, was experimented with in the summer of 1861.

Besides discussing the trials and difficulties, as well as the genuine accomplishments, of the aeronauts who offered their services to the Union.

James Allen, John Wise, John La Mountain, T. S. C. Lowe, and others, due attention is given to the organization, administration, and operation of the air force. It is a story of indifferent government officials, unimaginative army men, rival aeronauts, an awkward set-up that was neither civil nor military, lack of supplies, bad luck, and bad weather. Despite all this, much was accomplished, and the observations made from the balloons seem to have been generally accurate and definitely useful.

Forty-five plates add to the value and attractiveness of the volume. Dr. Haydon well deserved the Mrs. Simon Baruch University Prize for 1940 which his dissertation received.

R. H. WOODY.

A VICTORIAN JOURNAL

THE ATHENÆUM: *A Mirror of Victorian Culture*. By Leslie A. Marchand. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1941. Pp. xiv, 411. \$3.50.

The Athenæum ran from January 2, 1828, to February 11, 1921, as an individual literary journal; then it ran as the *Nation and Athenæum* until 1931; since that year it has continued as the *New Statesman and Nation*, "Incorporating the *Athenæum*." It achieved great vigor and splendor as an organ of literary criticism in the nineteenth century. Few who have attempted to relate English literature in that period to its background have been able to ignore this journal. It has been an invaluable source of information to scholars; and now, with the appearance of Mr. Marchand's highly intelligent study, will be more valuable.

The task of reviewing the periodical must have been neither simple nor easy. It required someone who knew his way around in the Victorian period. He had to keep in mind that this journal was an octopus, a lively, usually very pleasant and agreeable octopus, but still a creature with many tentacles—spawn of the Victorian age, a mightier and even more complex parent. The mode of attack on the animal had to be just right; to succeed, one had to know what tentacles to seize and what to do with them once they were in his hands. Mr. Marchand demonstrates that he was qualified to do the job. His strategy has been well devised, and he executes it with no display of fumbling. He is cautious about making generalizations or attempting to oversimplify or unify something which is not simple or perfectly unified within itself. Yet he knows a significant thing when he sees it. His general plan is that of giving, first, a chronological sketch of the journal indicating the ebb and flow of its achievements and fortunes under successive editors; next, an account of its courageous

stand, particularly under the editorship of Charles Wentworth Dilke, against puffery and in favor of honest, independent reviewing; then, separate studies of the various reviewers who served on Dilke's staff (Mr. Marchand fortunately had access to a marked file which enabled him to identify many writers of unsigned reviews); and last, an analysis of the comments on distinguished forerunners and contemporaries.

The result is a book rich in important facts and convincing interpretations. It is one of the books of recent times providing sure evidence that scholarship treating English literature in the Victorian period is coming of age. The student of the period will find this book worth reading more than once; and its excellent index will be for him an ever-present source of joy.

Two faults may be mentioned. First, the author, whose style is usually concise, lucid, and firm, is too fond of the word *outstanding*, a threadbare word of many meanings and ambiguities. Second, he fails to study Matthew Arnold's reputation among those reflected in the *Athenaeum*. Arnold's place as an apostle of culture and as a major poet and critic would demand that he be included. Furthermore, though we know very well what Arnold thought of his contemporaries, we know too little about what his contemporaries thought of him. The *Athenaeum*, which Mr. Marchand fittingly calls "A Mirror of Victorian Culture," could give us an interesting answer.

C. RICHARD SANDERS.

THE AMERICAN MIDDLE CLASS

THE MIDDLE CLASSES IN AMERICAN POLITICS. By A. N. Holcombe.
Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1940. Pp. vi, 304. \$2.50.

Professor Holcombe has written another provocative volume in American politics. Like his earlier studies, this one is filled with statistical data supporting the author's well-known thesis that we are essentially a middle-class people and that this condition is necessary to a successful continuance of the two-party system. Unlike his *New Party Politics* (1933), *The Middle Classes* sees little prospect for a proletarian politics in America. Although future American politics will be urban rather than rural, the author believes that urban politics can and, he predicts, will be middle class in its thought processes and in its action programs.

The author's criterion for the middle class is a psychological one. If a man thinks he is middle class, then for political purposes he is middle class. "It is easy to exaggerate the importance of objective measurements of the middle class," Professor Holcombe asserts; yet, he relies heavily on

the *Fortune* poll as proof of his contention that we are essentially a middle-class people. "From the viewpoint of the political analyst and the politician," he writes, "the important fact about the middle class is not its size, according to any system of objective measurement, but rather the state of mind which makes its existence possible." Again, he says, "Politically speaking, the middle class is significant, not because it is logically an economic category or a social order, but because its members are conscious of their special position in politics and disposed to act self-consciously and energetically."

Granting that this is generally a valid principle in political behavior, it is a criterion difficult of analysis and application. Where Professor Holcombe finds a middle-class consciousness in one group, another observer may just as validly assert that it is not middle class. It may be true, as the author contends, that "by due process of thought any wage earner can promote himself into the middle class," but how are we to know that the wage earner consciously promotes himself? Historically, it is correct that Americans have had a "strong aversion to thinking of themselves as markedly different from the average man," but are we safe in assuming that this condition will continue to prevail? It may be that the worker will cease to promote himself by "due process of thought" when he determines that the policies of the middle class no longer hold out prospects of gain or security.

Unlike Lewis Corey, who has discovered a new middle class composed of "salaried employees and professionals," Professor Holcombe sees the same middle class dominant in politics as that which framed the Constitution. The only difference being (and it may be a great difference) that it has been augmented by the members drawn from the new functional groups resulting from the industrialization of the nation. Instead of a rural middle class, we now have an urban middle class; but the politics will continue to be essentially the same. It should be noted that the farmer has been necessary to the dominance of the middle class in the past as well as essential to the operation of the two-party system. The farmer vote must be preserved as middle-class vote if that class continues as the dominant force. It is true that all indications at present point to his preservation through government subsidy—it must continue; otherwise the balance he has provided for the two-party system will be impaired.

Professor Holcombe is correct that the two-party system and the democratic process as we have known them are inextricably intertwined with the middle class; and, therefore, the middle class must be maintained. "The ascendancy of the middle class under the American Constitution,"

he assures us, "seems likely to be maintained, and to endure through a period of time of which no end is in sight."

RAY F. HARVEY.

A BIOGRAPHY OF ELI WHITNEY

WHITTLED BOY: *The Story of Eli Whitney*. By Roger Burlingame.
New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1941. Pp. 370. \$3.00.

The story of the great men of industry always makes fascinating reading. This is certainly true of those industrialists whose careers were marked by the exercise of truly astounding powers of inventive ingenuity. The inventive process is a creative process, and those who share in it are necessarily always men of remarkable ability—having keen powers of perception and conception, coupled with a "mechanical bent." Our industrial progress is largely the work of these inventive geniuses; to know about these men is to know why that progress has been possible. Their story cannot be other than thrilling. Proof of this statement is to be had in Roger Burlingame's account of the life and work of Eli Whitney.

The name of Whitney is one familiar to every Southerner, for it was of course Whitney who first perfected a practicable machine to gin cotton. This invention he made in 1793, with the well-known result that thereafter the South became a land of cotton. Whitney was not, however, a Southerner; he had been born and reared on a Massachusetts farm. He enjoyed the then rare privilege of attending college (Yale). Upon graduation he more or less indifferently accepted an assignment as tutor to the children of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the distinguished Revolutionary war general. In this manner Eli Whitney came to live for a while on a Southern plantation. Thus he was brought into immediate contact with the urgent problem of the planter—how to gin cheaply the cotton once it was gathered. The young tutor's bent for things mechanical, evidence of which he had given earlier, soon supplied the South with an answer to its problem. But as we know now, the machine was not an unmitigated blessing: the gin made possible the extension of cotton culture, with it the extension of slavery, the accentuation of the slave question, and finally secession and war.

The invention of the cotton gin was not, however, the only accomplishment of Whitney which helped mould the course of American economic and social development. What is not generally known, and what in the story of Whitney as told by Mr. Burlingame receives the most emphasis, is Whitney's successful application for the first time of a new system of manufacturing: that of applying the correlated principles of

standardization and interchangeability of parts. This was a truly remarkable feat. The underlying idea was one that Whitney came upon early in his career; he had sought to apply it in manufacturing cotton gins. When finally he succeeded in developing this new system of production, he was engaged in fulfilling a contract to supply the government with ten thousand muskets. Whereas formerly each musket was fashioned in its entirety by a single artisan (handicraftsman), Whitney worked out a new method: he divided the work into the fabrication of standardized machine-made parts. Thus was solved the problem of a scarcity of skilled laborers and capital. The new scheme of production, making possible greater volume of output, lower costs, and lower prices, was not given immediate, general application, for there were other limiting factors; but in time these other factors were overcome, with results known to us all. Looking back, it all appears simple to us; yet it was not so simple in Whitney's time—we are the beneficiaries of his genius. To envision adequately the meaning and significance of his achievement is to picture the emergence and triumph of our present system of standardized mass production.

Although Eli Whitney ranks among the greatest of American inventors, he has not hitherto attracted the attention of the historians and biographers. Mr. Burlingame is the first to give us a full-length portrait of the man. The source material available to the author—Whitney descendants unhappily denied him access to the family papers—was so scanty and widely scattered that rather than attempt a formal biography, Mr. Burlingame elected to write a story of Whitney into which he has woven a measure of fiction. The readability of the book is thereby enhanced, though not at the expense of historical accuracy. This work is another of Mr. Burlingame's praiseworthy attempts to popularize knowledge of our economic past. It should add greatly to his already well-established reputation as a writer in this field.

HAROLD H. HUTCHESON.

A BIOGRAPHY OF STERLING

JOHN STERLING: *A Representative Victorian*. By Anne Kimball Tuell. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941. Pp. xiv, 405. \$3.50.

Even if Hare and Carlyle had not written their biographies, no serious students of English literature from 1820 to 1850 could afford to ignore John Sterling. To gain familiarity with him is to acquire a comparatively complete introduction to the literature and life of this period. He was not, of course, a great writer. Just as his tragedy *Strafford* failed because it was not "gripped to concentration," to use Miss Tuell's well-chosen

phrase, so did all his efforts at imaginative writing. And so did his effort to carve out for himself a definite career. Sterling's chief unhappiness sprang from the fact that, close friend that he was of Carlyle and Maurice, he wanted to do some great work and to be a vigorous man of action but that his æsthetic force was almost uncontrollably diffusive. There was quicksilver in his mind and in his general composition as a man ("sheet-lightning" Carlyle called it and inability to hold on to his identity Maurice called it) which made him the antithesis of Napoleon, described by Sterling himself as "great only in his gigantic self-will, and ready and unwearied capacity for combining and applying the calculable elements of power." Thus one of the strong attractions which he found in Carlyle was that of a dynamic temperamental opposite; and so too in Coleridge he found much of his own nature. Painful frustration, to be accounted for not only by his illness and early death but also by his inability to gather all his faculties toward one purpose, attended his efforts to achieve the Victorian ideal of a productive man of action.

Yet, in part unconsciously, he achieved an ideal and had a precious kind of genius. The ideal was that of Matthew Arnold's spectator and commentator on life, one whose business it was to be noble and wise and to understand life rather than participate in it. All who knew Sterling testified to his lovable and respectable nature and to his quick, intelligent response to whatever they said or did. He well deserved his many friendships with the great men and women of his day, for he was able to give them much—not only sincere loyalty and affection, but ready, honest, discriminating appreciation. Few who have written successful books have given so much to so many distinguished minds. As a writer, then, his best work was naturally criticism, much of which is excellent. His genius was that for understanding people, ideas, and things and for acting intelligently alive and alert to them. It was not, we should note, mere passivity; but it was the power to form active affinities and vital relationships with what he met. And he met nearly all that was characteristic of his time. Coleridge, Emerson, Jane and Thomas Carlyle, J. S. Mill, Julius Hare, Francis Newman, F. D. Maurice, and many other important people were his intimate friends; he knew and had an amateur's love for the fine arts of his day; and he kept himself closely informed concerning the literary, philosophic, and religious currents which were about him.

Miss Tuell's study is therefore able to throw a rich and varied light on the period which it treats. Her investigation is critical and thorough; her methods are ingenious and revealing; and her interpretations contain much wisdom. Perhaps the book suffers slightly from a certain effect of flatness, a tendency to put equal emphasis on all things. But thoroughness

may have exacted such a penalty. In this book we find the real Sterling with all his charm, talents, and weaknesses and without the distortion which crept into the lives by Hare and Carlyle. Let us hope that Miss Tuell will give us a critical edition of Carlyle's *Sterling*, fully annotated.

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